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Sunday, Sept. 25, 1932

Pets

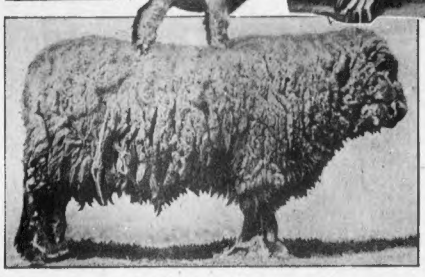
by Henry Clive
Verses by Carolyn Wells

No. 5—Kitty

A cat will stand a lot of petting,
And quite a lot this cat is getting!
But somebody—I won't tell who—
Declares I take to petting, too!
He even says I'm sweet and pretty—
Well, anyway, my name is Kitty.

Baby Carriages In Animal Land

Johanna, the Mother Lion of the Washington, D. C., Zoo, Carrying Her Little Offspring Out of the Den for a Sun Bath. The Little Fellow Is Carried Most Gently and Seems to Enjoy It.



Above—"Piggy-back" Is What This Infant Tasmanian Wolf Appears to Be Playing With Mamma Wolf, and This Is the Way the Young Ones Ride About Until They Can Do Their Own Walking. At Left—This Is a Case of Papa Ram Taking the Youngsters Out for a Walk, Though the Parent Is Doing All the Walking, While Baby Surveys the Big, Wide World.

Above—The Ant-eater of the Washington Zoo Proudly Displays Her Infant in This Fashion, as the Baby Holds On for Dear Life. At Left—Nature Provided This Perambulator. The Young Kangaroo Has a Nice, Comfortable Seat in the Parent's Marsupial Pouch and Is Carried About in Much the Same Manner That an Indian Squaw Carries Her Papoose.

THERE is a scientific basis for the proverb that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male." Unquestionably, in the animal world, the greater ferocity displayed by the female has its source in the maternal instinct for protecting the young — one of the greatest problems of animal mothers. Not the least of the difficulties of these mothers is the transportation of their youngsters. In solving this matter, nature perhaps has been most kind to the marsupials—those creatures which have been supplied naturally with pouches, in which their offspring rests comfortably while being carried about, much as an indian squaw carries her papoose.

The marsupial pouch is nature's nearest approach to a baby carriage. How snugly the kangaroo manages to nestle its young in this pouch may be noted by a scrutiny of the photograph. Other species of animals are forced to seek other means of carrying their young from place to place. The feline species, for instance, does not carry the babies over long distance, but when it is necessary to transport them, they are held by the back of the neck, in the strong teeth of the parent, which would appear to be a very unpleasant, or at least a very uncomfortable experience for the baby lions or cats. It does not seem to affect them in the least, however, and whether it is a painful substitute for the baby carriage or not, it seems the only means of infant transportation for that particular branch of the animal family.

The Tasmanian wolf carries it young on its back, just as the ant-eater does, in the same manner that a doting human parent will play piggy-back with a child. The small creatures quickly learn to hold on and "take the bumps" without injury.

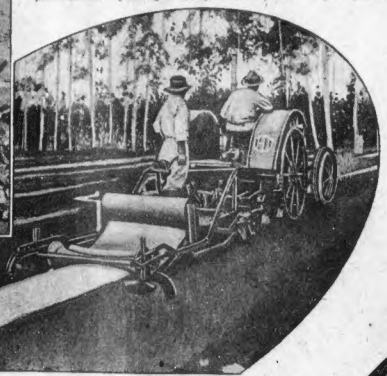
It is very seldom that the male parent bothers about carrying the young. Zoo attendants have noted that rams possess attributes that approach human virtues and one of them is the ram's devotion to the babies. Because these animals are hoofed, the feat of a young animal in remaining on its parent's back is quite difficult, but that is just how the proud father takes the infant out for a sightseeing tour, as shown in the photograph at the left.

Apes and monkeys most nearly approach human mothers, and hold and nurse their babies with almost human devotion. It is when danger or intruders threaten their young that they demonstrate that the female can be more deadly than the male. A lioness becomes absolutely fearless when her young is threatened and will stand and fight great odds to protect a cub. Many affecting motion picture scenes of self-sacrifice of mother lions have been brought back from Africa by explorers, who report that movies affording intimate studies of animal life in the wilds, of tragedies in the jungle, and of the ceaseless struggle for existence, interest audiences more than artificial dramatics.

It is very difficult to film such scenes as the presence of cameramen is usually detected by preying beasts as well as their quarries, but it is an everyday experience of zoo keepers and attendants to witness in the cages of the captive animals some human-like act which demonstrates that animals, regardless of their native ferocity, and even, in some instances, of cannibalistic tendencies, are capable of affection where their young are concerned.

Paving Gardens Instead of Plowing Them

The New System of Garden Paving. The Gardener Is Seen Laying Concrete Blocks in Symmetrical Forms, With Enough Space Between Them for Plants to Sprout. The Plants Are Protected by the Concrete, and the Job of Plowing Furrows for Them Is Eliminated. At Right—The Idea of Garden Paving Originated From the Practice of Laying Paper Over the Soil in the Hawaiian Pineapple Fields. Weeds Are Thus Overcome and the Evaporation of Moisture From the Soil Is Also Retarded.



THE most arduous of agricultural tasks is tilling the soil. On any farm, or in any garden, those pretty symmetrical rows of plants are more pleasing to the eye than they are to the muscles. To save strain on the muscles and the backs of home gardeners, and to insure even better results at plant raising, a new system of paving instead of plowing gardens has been developed by the United States Plant Bureau.

It is not entirely original, however, because it is a "borrow" from the Hawaiians, who devised a system of papering their fields, much in the same manner as the paving is done by the Plant Bureau experts.

Concrete blocks a few inches thick and 9 by 12 inches square are laid upon the ground, leaving strips of soil an inch and a half wide between them. In these strips of uncovered soil the plants are set out. The blocks serve as a permanent "mulch," conserving moisture and preventing the growth of weeds. They also warm the soil early in the Spring and keep it warmer in the Fall. Rain finds its way into the ground along the rows between the blocks.

For some time past the Plant Bureau has been experimenting with this method of growing garden plants, and has found it highly satisfactory in its results. It is a method which has excellent illustration in the growing of trees along city streets. With only a very small area of uncovered soil around them, they enjoy the advantage of a "mulch" of paving blocks for conserving warmth and moisture.

Cinder blocks may be used instead of concrete. They are covered with asphalt to make them black and thereby rendered more absorbent of heat. If concrete blocks be used, they, for the same reason, may be painted black.

This idea, oddly enough, developed out of the practice of papering the ground for growing pineapples in Hawaii. There, the paper is laid by a machine in long strips, and slits are cut in it to receive the young plants when they are set out. This paper mulch keeps weeds from growing, and, by obstructing evaporation from the soil, helps to keep the latter moist.

The Baroness Who Traveled as a Deck-Hand

THE adventure lore of all nations includes many stirring stories of women as well as men who have braved all sorts of hazards to health and life to find a thrill. The sedentary life which is naturally a woman's doesn't appeal to all of them, and as those who venture forth, as men would, into strange countries are the exception rather than the rule, the traditions built up around such adventuresses are all the more pithy and interesting.

Most girls who set out on voyages of adventure come from the ordinary walks of life. They find the conventional bonds uncomfortable or their homes unhappy or too strict and depart with no particular purpose in view, except to "get away from it all."

Seldom do wealthy or titled women embark upon adventurous careers without using their money or position to insure their comfort and safety during these junkets. Such artificial and prepared exploits had no appeal for the Baroness Silo von Abendroth, daughter of one of Austria's oldest and most aristocratic families. In the first place, the baroness did not possess the necessary wealth, for her family was one of those impoverished by the war. But she did not lack the true spirit of the adventurer, for she left home without any preparation, and without troubling to disguise herself as a man, as most girls would, she applied for a job on a ship. She revealed her identity and the skipper, after some hesitation, signed her on as a deck-hand, with the understanding that she was to work her way all through the voyage—though she would not be expected to climb into the rigging as though she were a man. Nevertheless, the skipper's mate found many things for her to do.

It was in the official role of a deckhand that the baroness sailed from for South and East Africa and thence to Arabia and India, meeting many adventures while ashore in these exotic countries, once narrowly escaping death while visiting a savage tribe, because a dusky potentate coveted her and tried to kidnap her. Later, she sailed with the crew to Japan and Hawaii, to various California ports, and through the Panama Canal, across the Atlantic, to Hamburg, from whence she had begun the voyage. She has just completed the story of her experiences—but whether she will have it published or not, is difficult to say. If there isn't a book, say the German newspaper men who interviewed her, she still will be distinguished as a rough-and-ready traveler.

CENTRAL NEWS PHOTO

The Baroness Silo Von Abendroth, Who Sailed the Seas on a Tramp Steamer to Find Adventure, and Who, Probably, Will Now Write a Book. If She Doesn't, It Will Be News.

Plan to Salvage Old Treasure

ONE of the perennial treasure tales of the Atlantic seaboard is that concerning the English sloop of war DeBraak, which sank in a storm with all on board, off Cape Henlopen, Del., May 2, 1798. The vessel, making for port, had in tow a Spanish galleon, most of the loot from which had been transferred to the sloop. The treasure, which is estimated in millions, since a great portion of it was in jewels, is now to be sought off the Cape by a private group of treasure hunters, who have scanned the records of the lost ship, and who are organizing in Houston, Tex.

Notification of the attempt to salvage the jewels and gold has reached the United States Department of Foreign and Domestic Commerce office, which has relayed the notice to the agency at Lewes, Del.

The treasure hunt promises many difficulties, for though many others have tried to find the bulk of the DeBraak, no trace of it ever was located and the treasure story became in time merely a legend. But the intriguing estimates of the loot taken from the captive galleon La Platte have revived interest in the project. The actual search will begin, it is said, next Spring.

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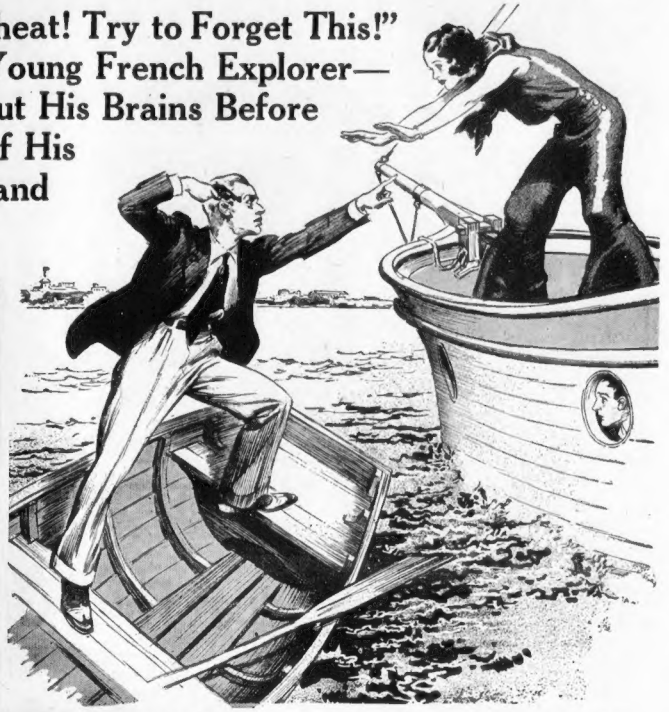
Strange Revenge of Fickle Mlle. Cocea's Jealous Lover

"You Liar and Cheat! Try to Forget This!" Cried the Young French Explorer—and Blew Out His Brains Before the Eyes of His Fiancee and His Rival

Lieutenant Victor Point (at Right), Leader of the Famous Citroen Expedition Across the Gobi Desert, Who Killed Himself Through Jealousy of His Fickle Sweetheart, Star and Comedienne of the Paris Stage.

Mlle. Alice Cocea, Popular and Notoriously Fickle French Actress, Whose Husband, the Count de la Rochefoucauld, Sued Her for Divorce, Complaining That "the Frivolous Creature Bestowed Her Smiles on Others."



After Reproaching His Fiancee With Faithlessness to Him, the Young Explorer Jumped Into a Boat, Rowed a Few Strokes Away, Then Rising, Placed His Revolver at His Head, Shouting: "You Liar and Cheat! Try to Forget This!" —And Blew Out His Brains in Sight of Her and His Suspected Rival Hiding Below Deck.

On the Right, Mlle. Cocea as the Bride of the Count de la Rochefoucauld, Who Also Complained That His Wife "Belonged Too Much to Her Public."

Mlle. Cocea in One of her Comedienne Roles.

PARIS, September 17.

"YOU liar and cheat! Try to forget this!"

With these words young Lieutenant Victor Point, of the French Navy and famous as the leader of the Citroen expedition across the Gobi Desert, stood up in a small boat in the Bay of Agay and blew out his brains with a pistol.

Alice Cocea, celebrated and notorious French actress, who still flaunts the title of Countess de la Rochefaucauld, crouched on the deck of her yacht, looking on in stunned silence, as the young officer's body pitched overboard to disappear in the blue waters of the Riviera. Peering through the porthole of the yacht was the white face of the lieutenant's suspected rival, so the police say.

But Alice's beautiful blond head was clear in the crisis. Disregarding the shouting and commotion on the shore, she hurried around, looked through her wardrobe, and when the police arrived they found her dressed all in black—black silk pajamas, with a huge silver belt buckle.

She wore this costume ashore when the police finally recovered the body and asked her to identify it.

She was still in it when she allowed the reporters to find her praying beside the body at the Hotel Rastel in Agay.

As she talked, the reporters saw real tears drop and glisten on the black silk. The French public does not expect too much fidelity from its actresses, or even that they will always put off one love before taking on the next, and Alice is a popular comedienne. Therefore the press has been lenient in dealing with her adventures. But Lieutenant Point was an exceptionally fine man, and a national hero. To cause his suicide was going toh far and this "mourning costume" grated on their nerves.

And when she told them that she was going to "take the veil," one cynic asked what the veil would be made of—"would it perhaps be crepe Suzette?"

Crepe Suzette is a popular dish in such wild all-night parties as Alice Cocea loves. It consists of pancakes cooked in wine on a chafing dish and served amid the blue flames of burning brandy. The actress frowned through her tears a moment and then suggested that perhaps she might try to fight her grief in hard work on her new moving picture, "the greatest comedy ever written for the screen," etc.

The interviewers said that they were not interested in the picture, but would like to know what she had done to Lieutenant Point to cause him to take his life.

"Absolutely nothing at all," answered Alice. "There was no man on the yacht. I was never untrue to him. I had every intention, as soon as I could get a divorce from the Count de la Rochefoucauld, to marry poor, dear Victor. But he was insanely jealous and now he has spoiled everything. I think I will take the crepe—I mean I am heartbroken."

When a Chinese has a grievance against another, he can ruin his enemy's standing in the community by committing suicide on the oppressor's doorstep or by drowning himself in his well. Lieutant Point's shooting himself by the side of Mlle. Cocea's yacht seems to have had a similar effect.

There is no doubt that his dying words—"Try to forget this!" were prophetic. The French press is not letting her forget.

Her weeping changed from a gentle shower into a violent thunder storm when she learned that the family of the man who had died on her account had forbidden her to attend his funeral. A funeral has dramatic possibilities for an actress, such as fainting across the coffin or lifting a black veil and attempting to swallow poison, and besides this exclusion meant that the family believed the police version of the tragedy.

As a violin player, singer and comedienne, she has been in the public eye as long as most French theatregoers can remember, and with each season came a new crop of love affairs such as are told of the professional beauties of Paris.

Socially the one high spot in her career came some years ago when she married the young and immature Count Stanislas de la Rochefoucauld before his family could make him realize what he was doing. Nobody except the youthful husband expected the fluttering Alice to be true very long and nobody but the husband was disappointed.

The old and noble family being Roman Catholics, they could not ask for divorce but on account of the young man's immaturity, there were strong hopes of persuading the Rota to grant an annulment.

When the Count determined to divorce Alice he explained his decision in these words:

"The frivolous creature bestowed her smiles on others. Alas! How difficult it is to possess a thing alone in this world. Every treasure attracts thieves."

And in one of their spats the following interesting conversation was quoted in a French paper—the Count had reproached her for seeming to come home only to change her clothes. Alice replied:

"I belong to my public. I told you that if my public yearned for me, I may have to go back."

"Yes," countered Count Stanislas, "but you didn't say that you would go back to each of them and all of them in turn."

It seems to have been after a final parting from the disillusioned Count that young Lieutenant Victor Point came under Alice's spell. He knew her reputation for fickleness but forgave it, so it is said, upon her promise that she would be true to him in the future. As the lieutenant had very little money, and as Alice needs a lot, it is only fair to presume that it must have been a true love match on both sides—at least at the time.

Lieutenant Point, however, seems to have had early doubts which caused him to believe he could keep Alice all his own only by eternal vigilance. A year and a half ago, fearing that his long absence on the Gobi Desert trip would open the gate to his beloved's straying, he almost committed suicide at the prospect. But when Alice, weeping, promised eternal fidelity, he relented. On his return the lieutenant heard disquieting stories, and there was a stormy scene. But he was much in love and soon the affair was patched up.

The lieutenant and Alice were spending the Summer at Cannes, where he had a small room near the suite occupied by the actress, her huge Russian Borzoi dog, her Siamese cat and her secretary, Mlle. Rabinovitch.

Mlle. Cocea in Pajamas, but Not the Black Pajamas She Put on as Mourning for Lieut. Point.

Alice had chartered the "Blue Crest," a 30-foot motor sloop belonging to an American, Mrs. Beth Beatty. The household, animals and all, made daily trips in the yacht but always returned to the hotel at night. One Sunday, Victor was to dine with M. Carbuccia, wealthy publisher and member of the French Parliament, in his villa at La Gernette. Alice was to dine that evening with a friend, Mme. Provost, at St. Maxime.

She told Lieutenant Point that later she might go in the yacht to the bay of Agay for a swim. After dinner Victor returned to wait in Alice's perfumed apartment. There he came upon two letters from M. Robert Lefebure, son of a former president of the Paris Municipal Council, which Alice had carelessly left behind. He had often suspected Robert, and these letters told him that his rival was on board the "Blue Crest" at that moment.

With the letters in his pocket, the jealousy-crazed lieutenant jumped into his car and dashed break-neck for Agay. He saw the yacht anchored close to the shore and, on the deck, his sweetheart and her secretary—and, he thought, the figure of a man. Leaping into a small boat, he rowed with furious strokes toward the yacht.

He climbed aboard, pistol in hand.

But on the deck were now only Alice and her secretary, and both insisted that they alone were on the vessel and that there was no man aboard.

"You are both cheats and liars!" shouted Point, and the words were clearly heard on shore.

Again the women tried to convince him that they were alone, Alice throwing her arms around his neck. Suddenly he thrust her aside and leaped down into the little boat and started to row away. He had hardly moved ten feet before he stopped, stood up and, placing the revolver to his head, pointed to Mlle. Cocea and cried:

"You liar and cheat! Try to forget this!"

He pulled the trigger, and his sweetheart and the white-faced, trembling Lefebure, peering through a porthole, saw him topple dead into the waters of the bay.

The comments of the French papers were caustic, for the first time, in dealing with Mlle. Cocea's adventures. The paper D'Artagnan had this to say:

"Mlle. Cocea, who has known how to develop a career with consummate skill, has committed some great errors during the hours which immediately followed the drama, in which, though against her will, she is the heroine. She required two days in which to understand that she should look for a retreat in which there would be a possibility of 'forgetting and being forgotten.' For an intelligent woman this is too much . . .

"From Nice, Marseilles and Paris the journalists had come, certain that their task would be difficult, that they would have to be satisfied with what the police officials would tell them, whose first care was to be sure of the complete silence of the witnesses of the drama.

"It was Mlle. Cocea herself who took it upon herself to facilitate their task. She received everybody, and that, too, in a deshabille of half-mourning in exquisite taste, when she presented the prepared recital for the press of the tragedy provoked by her coquetry.

"She wept from time to time, but her tears did not at all disturb her diction, and they received the clear impression, in different ways, that the death of the naval lieutenant would not in any way upset the personal projects of the actress."

L'Oeil de Paris said:

"The young Count de la Rochefoucauld, who is taking his vacation somewhere on the seaside, has heard, apparently without emotion, of the dramatic suicide of Naval Lieut. Victor Point, who was about to succeed him as the husband of the darling Alice Cocea. He said:

"'That little Alice, only as tall as a boot, we know what ravages she may bring about in the spirit of a man. She combines all the precise subtility of the Latin with Oriental mystery and can in turn give you the impression of a little bourgeois submissive to the most rigorous rules of social life, or the illusion of those great adventuress come from the limits of Asia. She is Mme. Bovary and Cleopatra in one.'

"After having remained prostrated in the apartment which she occupied in a Cannes palace, refusing to take any food, all at once Alice recovered, when they announced the arrival of the journalists.

"Clad in ravishing black satin pajamas, closed at the belt with a silver buckle—very much in 'Mourning a la Cote d'Azur'—the charming artiste exhaled her recital amid the most moving sighs.

"When one of the reporters expressed a word of consolation, saying: 'Only forgetting—and time—Madame . . .'

"'Yes, time, is it not so?' she said, 'and work. I shall now go to the making of a film in October, take my part in 'La Route des Indes' at the Theatre Michel, and create a new piece on the Boulevard a little later.'

"It was a touching scene!"

M. Lefebure is a married man and is supposed to have been arranging for a divorce that he might marry Alice as soon as she would be free. Whether the tragedy will upset Alice's plans remains to be seen. It takes a lot to upset Alice's plans. Lefebure has money.

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Portable Swimming Pools for Lawns and Pent Houses

CENTRAL NEWS · PHOTO

The New Portable Swimming Pool and, for That Matter, Boat Lake, Which Has Made Its Appearance in England, and Which Is Finding Favor Atop Pent Houses and on Lawns.

LONDON.

ALTHOUGH its use in America has far surpassed its popularity in England, the bathtub, according to patriotic Britons, is an English invention and was first introduced in this country. It is considered appropriate, therefore, that it should be England which carries the old idea of a bathtub a step farther by introducing a novel outgrowth which takes the form of a home swimming pool, which the owner may move about as he desires, from rooftop to lawn, or even to the farm, just as it was possible before tubs were built in to carry them from one room to another.

The new portable swimming pools now decorating many British estates, whose owners don't want to be troubled with or who cannot afford the luxury of an artificial lake or pool, happen to have been designed in the United States, but were introduced first on the British Isles. They are ingenious contrivances, measuring an average of twenty feet in diameter, though they can be obtained in larger sizes. They consist mainly of a huge canvas bag, with a rubberized surface, staves and stanchions for supporting it, and bindings of stout hemp to assure a symmetrical bulge when water is poured into them. They are from four to six feet high, standing sufficiently deep to insure safe diving. Usually a collapsible boat goes with the set-up, which makes an ideal bathing spot for lawn or basement, or even the roof of a pent house. The portable pools can be emptied in a few minutes by the removal of a wooden flap at the bottom.

One of the attractive features about the collapsible tank is that it can be packed away in the rumble seat of an ordinary automobile, supports and all—a fact which makes it available on picnics and outings miles from the seashore.

The photographs at the right and left show the first portable pool to be introduced in England. It was exhibited at a party given in honor of Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, by the St. Pancras House Improvement Society at the Elms, Hampstead Heath. After the exhibition, in which young women went boating or swimming in the tank, a number of British squires arranged to have duplicates of the pool delivered to their estates.

CENTRAL NEWS · PHOTO

The Water Is Held by a Canvas Receptacle, Kept in Place by Stanchions and Ropes, and Which, Under Pressure of the Water, Bulges Out to Its Full Size, With Sufficient Depth for Diving and Enough Room for a Sail or Row in a Collapsible Boat.

The tanks are so shaped that when the weight of the water bulges them, the rim of canvas, narrower than the central diameter of the tank, gives it the general shape of a vase, and the pressure assists the supports and prevents overflowing.

A Successful Wildcat Farm On Which the Cats Won't Breed

IN A cloistered spot in the hills some thirty miles from Los Angeles stands a farm which is perhaps the world's only reservation for wildcats. To most people wildcats are simply a nuisance, a menace and very unpleasant companions. They kill sheep and cattle, they even kill human beings, and because most people firmly believe they are of no use whatever it is considered a favor to a community where the animals stalk to shoot them. In some places the States pay a bounty to huntsmen who slay the creatures.

Charles H. Ullom, of Newhall, California, the owner of the only wildcat farm in existence, hunts wildcats, too—but he does not hunt them with a gun. He hunts them to stock up his farm near Los Angeles. He has discovered, as any zoological expert would have told him, that wildcats cannot be bred on a farm, even if anybody wanted to raise them. They simply will not bring forth their young while in captivity. No self-respecting wildcat will even choose a mate while in the ignominious position of captive.

Mr. Ullom believes in bringing 'em back alive, and in a period of two years has bagged more than 500 of the animals, which he calls bobcats. When he has captured one of the ferocious creatures, he carts it to the farm, where he deposits it in a pen just like the scores of other pens scattered about.

Anyone brave enough to stroll over the Ullom menage will be rewarded with the sight of big cats, little cats, cats with dirk-like claws, which arch their backs and spit when a visitor approaches. Every cat in sight is ready—and anxious—for a fight.

The first question that a visitor to the farm asks of the proprietor is, "Why on earth do you keep these cats?"

And Mr. Ullom answers: "I have a market for all the wildcats I can capture. A bobcat hide becomes, with proper treatment, a very nice rug, and when the head is mounted by a taxidermist it makes a very odd table throw. A full-grown, healthy wildcat is worth $25. I charge $15 for a dead cat."

But who wants a dead wildcat? A live one is bad enough, think most people. But of what use is a dead one, aside from its floor-covering destiny? Mr. Ullom hastens to explain that if there is anything in the world that Chinese herb doctors are wild about it is dead wildcats.

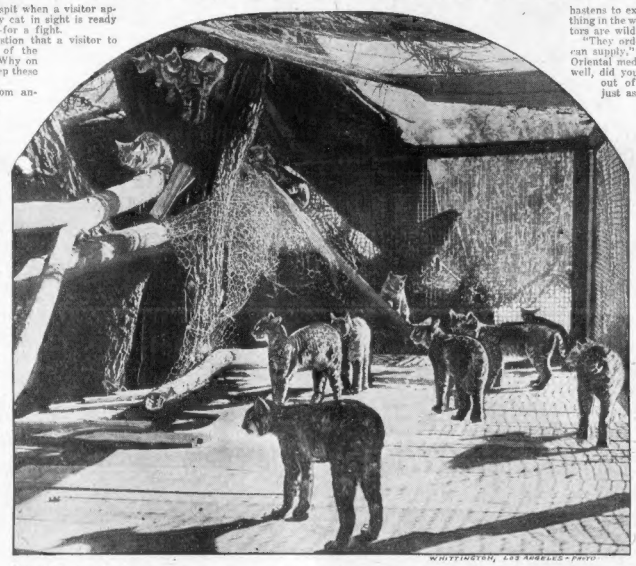
"They order all the wildcat bodies I can supply," he says, "but what these Oriental medicine men do with them—well, did you ever try to pry a secret out of a Chinese? You might just as well try to get conversational with one of those bobcats."

But Mr. Ullom likes his cats alive. They bring a better return and he is careful not to kill or maim them while hunting them down. He uses a pack of fox hounds for his hunting. The dogs are especially trained. When the hounds begin to press, a wildcat will take to a tree, and as long as the dogs are around the quarry will remain up a limb. That's where Mr. Ullom comes in. He simply climbs the tree, but not before he has thought to take with him a six-foot length of three-quarter-inch iron pipe, through one end of which a chain is looped. He loops the chain over the cat's head, pulls the chain taut, and drags down the wildcat, who by this time is wilder than ever, and deposits him in a packing case.

Mr. Ullom explains modestly that no particular courage is required for his work. He points out that as long as the dogs are around the cat remains motionless, moving only when the chain has been looped. This irritates the wildcat. Then the captive lashes out with all its fury and the tree branches begin to fly. Nothing, says Mr. Ullom with assurance, is faster or meaner in a fight than a wildcat, and particularly one with a chain around its neck. So Mr. Ullom quite sensibly wears thick leather gloves and boots—which, on inspection, are revealed to be pretty well scratched up.

There is one shelter on the farm in which the cats are allowed to exercise. The accompanying picture shows part of it. Recently a couple of dozen cats, who had no appreciation for a nice home, escaped through a tunneled hole beneath the shelter. In a short time many residents missed chickens, calves and goats, for the cats had gone out to dine. But the alarm was quickly given, and the farmers thereabouts barricaded their stock and a real wildcat hunt began. Ten of the fugitives were taken alive.

Wildcats, as has been said, do not breed in captivity. "At least," says Mr. Ullom, "no kittens ever have been born on this farm. Only one in several hundred cats has shown a disposition to be friendly. He is a pet. I can handle and fondle him. My wife is his favorite and he will follow her around. But a stranger can't get near the little fellow.



WHITTINGTON, LOS ANGELES · PHOTO

This Might Be Mistaken for a Scene in the Jungle, but It Is Merely the Shelter for Wildcats on the Farm Established by Charles H. Ullom, of Newhall, California, Who Must Go Hunting the Cats to Keep It Stocked, Because the Animals Will Not Breed in Captivity.

Russia Goes Into Style Setting

CENTRAL NEWS · PHOTO

Mlle. Tonya Ritza, Moscow Beauty, Whom the Soviet Government Has Appointed a Living Advertisement for Fashions Created by Clothing Designers of That Country. Her Job Is to Tour the Capitals of Europe to Show Off the Russian Vogues in Apparel and Millinery.

PARIS.

"YOU can't change a woman's mind," seems a proverb of sufficient durability even to impress a Russian dictator—as, indeed, it has, after years of trying to get around it. Russia at last appears to have given up any idea of dictating to its feminine citizens in matters of apparel. More than that, because there is sound business behind the idea, the Soviet gentlemen have gone the whole way and are now anxious to establish Russia as a sort of style center.

That is the story, at least, of Mlle. Tonya Ritza, an accredited Russian emissary, now making the rounds of Paris and showing off a set of feminine styles which have been originated in Moscow. Even as a fashion center and its magnanimous gesture to Russian womanhood, the bureau in charge of styles designed to popularize Russian materials in foreign capitals still holds to a motif of utter simplicity, and Mlle. Ritza is presenting herself to the modistes of Paris as an exponent of simple but attractive dressing.

The severity of the Russian-made garments which she is introducing seems to have impressed the Paris designers, who have, as a result of the Russian's visit, ordered large quantities of Russian materials for introduction to the world next Spring.

Prettiest Dimples in Texas

IT IS an interesting fact, as reported by observing judges of beauty contests throughout the country, and a distressing fact, too, that dimples are disappearing. During the past two years contestants in beauty competitions, in all countries, have included a very few whose cheeks were characterized by the pretty dents.

The increasing rarity of dimples, therefore, helps smooth the road to beauty championships for those girls who possess dimpled cheeks. It has been noted, too, that most people who have dimples are good-looking aside from the presence of the dimples. In Texas dimpled beauties seem to be preferred, and not many days ago there was staged in the city of San Antonio a contest in which a prize was to be awarded for the prettiest dimples. The idea was to get some notion of how many dimpled beauties there were in the city. Only a few dozen turned up, and among them was Miss Evangeline Edwards, whose photo is shown at the right. She was not only the prettiest girl in the competition, but possessed the prettiest dimples, as her likeness reveals.

KEYSTONE-UNDERWOOD · PHOTO

Miss Evangeline Edwards, of San Antonio, Who Was Recently Picked as the Owner of the Prettiest Dimples in That State, and She Now Has the Title of Miss Dimples—1932.

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"Supernatural" Phenomena Which Science Explains in a Natural Way

Sailors See Phantom Ships Like "The Flying Dutchman"—Only They Are Mirages; Ancient Tombs "Cursed"—But by Bad Air; Apparitions of Demons Probably Ball Lightning—and Other Real Facts Behind Popular Superstitions

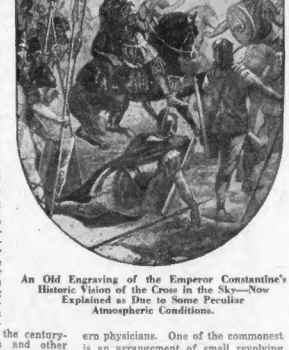
"The Flying Dutchman"—From a German Artist's Painting of the Phantom Ship of Sea Legend. And Science Now Concedes That Sailors Have Seen "Ghost Vessels," but They Have Been Mirages—That Is, Reflections of Real Ships Beneath the Horizon.

French Drawing of a Fireball, or Ball Lightning, Which Entered a Peasant's House and Exploded, Killing Him, His Wife and Daughter. A Survivor Described It as a "Fiery Devil," and Many Other Cases of Apparitions of "Demons" Are Believed by Science to Have Their Source in These Freaks of Ball Lightning.

Many Supposedly "Magical" or "Miraculous" Cures of Diseases Recorded in History Are Now Believed to Have Been Brought About by Hypnotism, and Modern Science Now Uses the Hypnotic Mirror, Shown Above, and Similar Devices to Cure Certain Maladies Originating in Disordered Minds.

Howard Carter, Discoverer of the Tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen, Removing One of the Coverings of His Deceased Majesty—An Act Which Would Appear to Make Him Subject to the Legendary Curse, but Which Has Not Yet Entailed Any Disagreeable Consequences on Mr. Carter.

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Metropolitan Museum of Art's World Copyright Reserved.



An Old Engraving of the Emperor Constantine's Historic Vision of the Cross in the Sky—Now Explained as Due to Some Peculiar Atmospheric Conditions.

SCIENCE, studying many stories of happenings believed supernatural by those reporting them, has confirmed the truth of the majority of them. That is, it admits that these observers in all probability saw what they thought they saw—only instead of being due to miracles or magic, there is an entirely natural explanation.

Thousands of sailors in the past few hundred years have reported seeing phantom ships like the "Flying Dutchman," the vessel commanded by blasphemous old Captain Vanderdecken, which, according to sea legend, is doomed for all eternity to try to sail around the Cape of Good Hope. No less a person than King George of England has gone on record as having seen this restless spookship. He has even written a description, as follows:

"At 4 a. m. the Flying Dutchman crossed our bows: a strange red light, as of a phantom ship, all aglow, in the midst of which light in the West, spars and sails of a brig 200 yards distant stood out in strong relief."

This was off the Cape of Good Hope, precisely where Captain Vanderdecken is supposed to do most of his cruising. It is where, after weeks of head winds that beat him steadily back, the hot-headed Hollander faced his mutinous crew and swore he'd round the Cape despite God and man if it took him all eternity. The Lord took him at his word and Vanderdecken—now some three hundred years old and his ship worn to a spectre—still is supposed to be working out his doom.

If King George, then only a Prince, actually did see a ghost-ship in this locality, he could not be blamed for thinking it was the "Flying Dutchman." And science says he actually did see the ship—only it wasn't real. It was just a mirage. And so have been all the other spectral ships reported by sailors—just mirages.

Constantine the Great was the first Roman Emperor to embrace Christianity. Few actions of men have had such profound effect upon the history of the world. He became a Christian because, before a battle with Maxentius, a rival claimant for the Roman throne, he saw a cross in the sky and above it Greek letters which read, "By this conquer." This, at least, is the ancient and well-authenticated story. The apparition occurred in 312 A. D. Constantine took the cross as his symbol and did conquer. But the cross and other religious symbols have been seen in the sky many times since Constantine, and when there was no particular emergency in human affairs to call for any miracles. They were frequently reported during the Great War. Before they became Christians, the Norse used to see the hammer of their god Thor in the clouds.

Science agrees that Constantine saw his cross, and may even have seen something that looked like Greek letters above it. But science is sure that none of these crosses or other signs are of divine origin. They are explained as reflections of sunlight or moonlight from dust, ice crystals or fine water droplets high up in the air. Also, they are often merely cloud formations which assume strange shapes.

Other hundreds of people have believed that they saw devils or other mysterious beings which appeared in balls of fire and vanished with a loud noise and a smell of sulphur, commonly supposed to be a remnant of hell fire. Science has ceased to condemn these stories as pure inventions or as dreams of disordered minds. Many of these people probably have seen just what they describe. The only difference between scientific and popular opinions is that the scientists do not talk about devils or hell fire or other mysterious and supernatural things. They explain these sights, sounds and smells as visits of the kind of lightning called ball lightning.

Ever since Egyptian tombs began to be opened by robbers or by archeological investigators there has persisted the story of some mysterious curse, to be visited on any one bold enough to open these sacred dwellings of the dead. Only a few years ago, when the tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen was discovered and explored, these ancient stories of supernatural curses were revived. Science now explains that it may, indeed, be dangerous, or fatal to open one of the tombs tightly sealed for centuries—but that this is not because of anything supernatural. It is merely because the air in the tomb has been deprived of its oxygen by the century-long action of bacteria and other micro-organisms, so that it has become dangerous to breathe it for more than a few minutes.

Similar reasonable and natural explanations have been found or imagined for hundreds of other mysteries, miracles and supposed supernatural occurrences described by ancient writers or experienced today by ordinary people.

It is now well known by medical men that there are nervous and mental maladies which produce symptoms of actual organic diseases, and even counterfeit blindness and paralysis. The trouble is, however, "all in the mind." When the mind is restored to health, the symptoms disappear, sight returns and the paralysis vanishes. What is called mental suggestion has been found to be the most effective treatment for these sufferers, and this is greatly facilitated by hypnotism.

A number of devices to help bring about hypnotic sleep are used by modern physicians. One of the commonest is an arrangement of small revolving mirrors upon which is directed a beam of light. The patient looks steadily at this apparatus while the doctor is suggesting sleep. When the hypnotic sleep ensues, the mind is sensitive to the healing suggestions of the practitioner and absorbs and retains them after awakening.

The majority of the "magical" or "miraculous" cures recorded in history are now explained as having been brought about by the curative powers of the human mind, perhaps assisted by hypnotism, which has been known for centuries but only recently taken out of the hands of the charlatans and "magicians."

To return to the "Flying Dutchman." The explanation is that a peculiar condition of the atmosphere, especially common in the parts of the ocean south of the Cape of Good Hope, may bend light rays out of their ordinary paths, so that ships which actually are below the horizon are seen for a few moments as though they were above it and nearer at hand.

Precisely the same kind of bending of light rays by layers of air of different temperatures or properties is responsible for the mirages of water that desert travelers sometimes see on bare, sand-covered flats or the similar water pools that motorists think they see on the hot surface of a smooth highway in sunny weather. Even the famous Fata Morgana, reported by fishermen and others off the coast of Italy, is another of these remarkable but perfectly natural mirages.

One example of the appearance of the devil, alias ball lightning, was reported a few months ago by Mr. Edward Kidson of Wellington, New Zealand, a correspondent of the British Meteorological Office. A Mr. O'Sullivan was seated one day in the kitchen of his home talking quietly to his mother. Suddenly there was a loud noise and a bright flash of light between the two talkers. A ball of lightning had come down the chimney, as such phenomena seems to have a habit of doing, and had burst between the two startled New Zealanders.

In another case, reported from France, a ball of lightning came into the barn of a peasant, killing him, his wife and daughter. A farmhand who escaped described it as a "flaming devil," and could not be persuaded that he had not seen an apparition of the devil himself.

In other experiences of the same kind, hundreds of which have been reported to various scientific societies, the fiery ball often is seen drifting along above the ground or actually coming down the chimney or in at an open window. Almost always it bursts with a loud noise and a bright flash of light. Often it leaves behind it a pungent smell: not really sulphurous but which resembles it, for it is the smell of ozone produced by the violent electric discharges in the air.

Scientists do not understand the exact nature of these ball lightning discharges, but there is no doubt that many electric and atomic forces much like those which produce ordinary lightning flashes. Yet it is easy to see how people who do not know this, and whose minds already are filled with lore of devils and other supernatural creatures, would believe an experience like Mr. O'Sullivan's to have been a veritable encounter with Old Nick himself or with one of his chief lieutenants.

One recent experience in Egypt is indicative of the probable origin of the famous Egyptian curse. Two years ago a party of archeologists under the direction of Mr. Alan Rowe of the University of Pennsylvania was opening a tomb sealed, it was believed, nearly five thousand years ago. In clearing the passage way that led to this tomb, Mr. Rowe noticed that the candles used by the workmen for light would burn only a few minutes. Presently the workmen themselves began to feel faint, to stagger and to develop headaches. Promptly the party beat a retreat, until time had been allowed for the air in the tomb to be replaced by new, fresh atmosphere from outside.

The symptoms experienced by these excavators would be recognized immediately by physiologists as those of lack of oxygen in the tomb air, probably complicated by the presence also of traces of the poisonous gas called carbon-monoxide, a gas which might be generated by the same chemical and biological reactions which had been responsible for the partial exhaustion of the oxygen. Nothing mysterious was involved. There was no more "curse" about it than there is when a modern motorist is poisoned by this same gas emitted in the exhaust of his automobile engine running in some enclosed space like a small garage. Yet it is easy to see that Egyptian natives, or others ignorant of the natural causes at work, might magnify even so simple an experience as that of Mr. Rowe's party into a legend of a "curse."

While it is true that thirteen of the persons associated with the opening of the tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen have died, many of them under distressing circumstances, scientific men have pointed out the absurdity of connecting these deaths with the opening of the tomb itself. They point out that Howard Carter, the actual discoverer of the tomb, and who came in closest contact of any with the mummy of the Pharaoh, has never suffered any ill effects whatever from his activities.

One of the ancient methods of obtaining what was thought to be exclusive information from gods or other higher powers was believed to be by dreams. Again, modern science does not doubt the *fact*, but only the supernatural nature of it. When the human body is asleep the mind, or a part of it, often is at work as actively as ever. Modern psychologists know that problems which puzzle one on retiring sometimes seem to solve themselves during sleep, so that the proper solution or line of action appears, in the morning, to be clear and obvious.

Usually this is ascribed to the brain being fresher and more active in the morning after a night's rest, which probably is true enough and may be a part of the explanation. There is convincing psychological evidence, however, that mental processes can go on during sleep and that the working part of one's mind under these conditions may actually think things out and reach a solution of something that previously was puzzling.

Applying these facts to the ancient stories of gods or goddesses who appeared to priests or kings or generals "in a dream" and told these dignitaries what to do, it is easy to see that this ancient tale is no more than a literal report of something which the human being's own unconscious mind worked out for him while he was asleep, precisely as happens in scores of psychological laboratories today.

Even the experience of dreaming where some lost article is concealed and of going there the next day and finding it, is capable of a reasonable and natural explanation. One seldom loses anything or carries out even the slightest action without a record being kept in the unconscious mind. Psychologists have proved that it is possible to hypnotize a person and recover from that unconscious record in his mind every slightest event, perhaps even of months or years ago.

These unconscious memories often come to the surface, also, during sleep, so that they get mixed up with dreams. It is not in the least abnormal, therefore, for a person to dream where a lost article is, or where it may be, and to find this dream correct. The dream merely is a deduction made by the person's mind itself from some clue or other circumstance remembered, unconsciously, during sleep.

Perhaps the only large group of ancient superstitions for which modern scientists can find no plausible excuse is the group of superstitions about luck and unlucky days. But even this may turn out, someday, to be traceable to some not unreasonable deduction.

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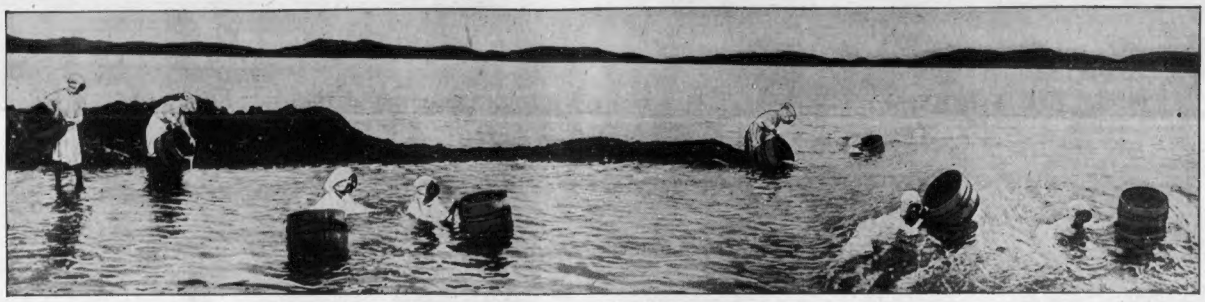
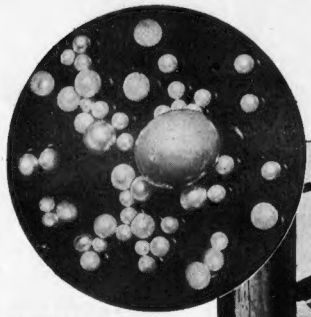
Quite the Queerest Profitable Industry for Women



Sturdy Young Japanese Women Swimming Out to the Oyster Beds to Dive for Oysters, Which They Load Into the Big Wooden Buckets.

Husky Japanese Girls Who Dive for Oysters Which Are Pried Open, "Wounded," Put Back in the Sea—And Fished Up Again in Seven Years, Each With a Lovely Pearl in It



Flawless Cultivated Pearls, and in the Center the Largest Cultured Pearl Ever Produced in Japan. It Weighs 265¾ Grains and Is Worth $50,000.

TOKIO, Japan, Sept. 1.

IF Colonel and Mrs. Charles Lindbergh had not been delayed by fog and other unforeseen obstacles on their visit to the Orient—long before the tragedy of their stolen and murdered baby cast its shadow on them—Mrs. Lindbergh might now be the possessor of a handsome and valuable cultured pearl—a pearl produced by the team-work of man and Nature. The cultivated pearl industry has become one of the largest and most prosperous enterprises in Japan and the Lindberghs were invited to visit the pearl makers. It was planned to open several dozen pearl-oysters and present to Mrs. Lindbergh the finest specimen.

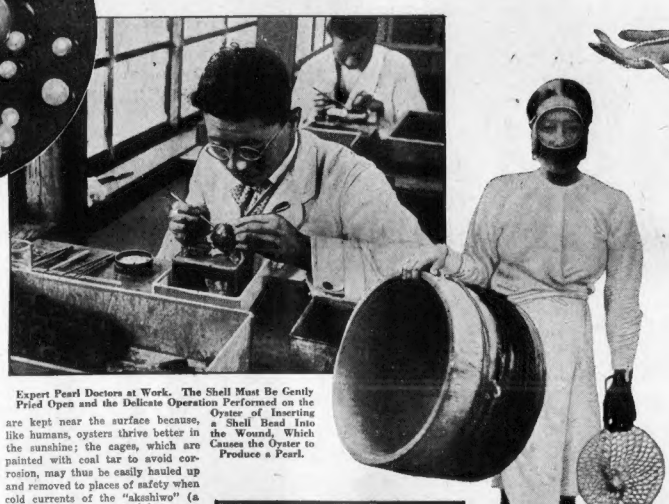
Back in 1890 Mikimoto, the "Pearl King," becoming impatient with Nature's hit-and-miss methods of producing pearls, had struck upon a method of stimulating pearl oysters to greater endeavors. Noting that the natural growth of these gems was the result of the accidental presence of "harsh irritants" in the delicate tissues of the oyster, he worked out a plan of operating upon the young oyster and grafting in an artificial irritant. For this purpose he selected a scrap of mother-of-pearl, in order to obtain a gem consisting entirely of pearl substance.

The first of these gems produced by this method, however, were of imperfect shape, and unfit for commercial purposes. But Mikimoto was not discouraged, for he knew that these queer shapes were caused by contact of the growing pearl with other hard substances; the thing to do, then, was to see that the pearl should be "loose" in the oyster tissues, so that its form might not be affected. Finally, in 1905, he was able to produce a truly round pearl, and it then only remained to attain perfection.

This he finally accomplished, and, slightly more than ten years ago, "Cultured Pearls" made their appearance in the jewel markets of the world. Jewelers viewed this new industry with misgivings and as a menace to the natural pearl.

However, the leading biologists and experts of the United States and Europe, after a thorough and careful investigation, declared that the new cultivated pearls possessed all the qualifications and characteristics of natural pearls. In fact, it was decided that the cultured pearl often has a finer structure than its natural brother or sister; the only way to tell the two apart is to cut the pearl and examine the cross-section to see whether the core is some foreign substance, or of mother-of-pearl.

Each year, from May to October, employes of the Mikimoto Company gather the young oysters. These baby oysters, which are called "spats," are collected and lowered into the sea in wire cages. At the age of two years they are transferred into wider-mesh cages and put back in the sea. These cages, which are suspended in four feet of water from log rafts, serve to protect the oyster from possible attack from dangerous marine creatures. They



Expert Pearl Doctors at Work. The Shell Must Be Gently Pried Open and the Delicate Operation Performed on the Oyster of Inserting a Shell Bead Into the Wound, Which Causes the Oyster to Produce a Pearl.

are kept near the surface because, like humans, oysters thrive better in the sunshine; the cages, which are painted with coal tar to avoid corrosion, may thus be easily hauled up and removed to places of safety when cold currents of the "akashiwo" (a discolored current containing parasitic organisms) sweep the bay, for these may destroy an entire oyster crop.

Three times a year these cages are raised from the sea and cleansed of the various weeds and barnacles which have formed upon them, as these not only hinder the growth and development of the pearl, but frequently cost the oyster its life.

When the oyster has reached the age of three, the time of its maturity, the development of the pearl is commenced. The shell of one oyster is removed by an expert pearl doctor, and a small portion of mother-of-pearl is placed on the outside of the secreting epithelium of the tissue layer known as the mantle. Then comes the dissection of the epithelium from the oyster, and it is drawn over the mother-of-pearl nucleus so as to form a sac, which is tied at one end. The sac is taken from the first oyster and is grafted into the sub-epidermal tissues of a second oyster. The binding which ties up the sac is removed, and, after the wound has been treated with astringents, the second oyster is put into a cage and lowered down into the sea. Nature is then expected to start the formation of the pearl, which reaches full growth in seven years. In warmer climates, such as Hawaii, this process takes half that time.

More than 5,000,000 oysters are thus planted each year in the Mikimoto pearl fisheries, which are scattered along the coast of Japan from the Bay of Gokasho to the Island of Palau, in the South Seas. These fisheries consist of ten "nurseries," taking up an area of approximately 42,000 acres. However, not all the 5,000,000 oysters thus planted yield perfect, marketable pearls.

A little over 35 per cent produce no results whatsoever; about 3 per cent or over die from various causes, while approximately 25 per cent grow pearls blemished or of inferior quality. About one-fifth of the crop are good, round pearls, but not perfect. Only about 3 per cent, or perhaps 150,000 pearls a year, are absolutely perfect.

This is much better than Nature is inclined to do, however, for pearl fishers in many places consider themselves lucky when they find one pearl in 1,000 oysters. A large percentage of these, of course, is either unmarketable or only partially perfect.

Oysters vary considerably in size; the larger oysters produce large pearls.

The biggest cultured pearl ever produced in Japan weighs 265.75 grains, and is worth approximately 100,000 yen, or $50,000. This exceptional gem is not for sale, as it is regarded as one of the nation's treasures.

To the Western visitor, one of the most interesting features of the cultivated-pearl-fishing industry is the work of the women. Women are employed because it is believed the breathing capacity of a woman is greater than that of a man. Their ages range from fifteen to thirty years, and they are strong, husky girls, square-shouldered and possessed of splendid physiques. Despite their ability to stay under water for long intervals, they are not allowed to submerge for more than a minute at a time.

The Wounded Oysters Are Assembled in Wire Crates of About 100 to a Crate and Lowered Into the Sea From a Raft. After Seven Years the Oysters Are Opened and Examined for Pearls.

Broad-Shouldered, Powerful Japanese Woman Pearl Diver Carrying Her Full Equipment. In One Hand She Holds the Tub, Around Which Is Wrapped the Mooring Rope, and in the Other the Net Into Which She Drops the Oysters as She Grabs Them Up From the Bottom of the Bay. She Is Wearing the Glass Mask Which Allows Her to See Under Water.

These women divers have no intricate apparatus, breathing-pipes or "armor," such as is peculiar to the male divers of the West, who work on wrecks or sunken treasure. Their costume is simple, consisting merely of a long-sleeved white garment, tied at the waist, a towel wrapped tightly about the head to keep their long hair in place, and a glass mask which covers the face and allows a clear view of the bottom of the ocean.

Their equipment is a heavy wooden tub, from which is suspended a long rope which is fastened about the divers' waists, and can be let down into the water to a depth of thirty feet. This tub acts as a buoy, so that when the girls wish to rise to the surface they haul themselves up by the rope, grasp hold of the edge of the tub and rest. Each tub acts as a depository for the oysters, though not a great number can be put in at one time lest the tub sink under the combined weight of the shells and the diver. When the tub is loaded with as many oysters as it can hold, the girl swims along the top of the water, pushing it ahead of her until she reaches a boat anchored out in the bay, and which is the base of their operations.

These girls receive one yen, or about fifty cents, a day, during the Summer months when they are employed, and are provided with food and clothing and free lodging in dormitories. Some of them have been working in the pearl fisheries many years. Many are married women with little yellow-skinned pearls of their own, which they value far more than the pearls which they hand over to their employers.

It is said, among those engaged in these pearl fisheries, that the deeper one of these girls can dive and the more expert she becomes, the better chance she has of getting a husband.

This does not apply, of course, to the women engaged in the less glamorous jobs, such as the sorting of oyster-shells, the boring of holes in the finished pearls, threading of necklaces, and the like. For the women-divers are regarded as belonging to a sort of upper stratum of pearl-diving society, and often are considered to be above the men who are employed in various shore duties, as well as the women engaged in similar menial tasks.

One of the quaint superstitions among the people of Japan is that the pearl—born as it is of a living organism — differs from other animate jewels, and beats forever to the pulse of the wearer.

Although Mikimoto was the pioneer in the culture of sea-pearls, he was not the first to employ artificial stimulation in aiding the growth of these gems. A process for the promotion of the artificial formation of river pearls in the Chinese river mussels was discovered and practiced by one Ye-jin-yang, a native of Hoochow, in the thirteenth century.

This process is extensively carried on near the Chinese city of Teh-tsing, and forms the main industry of several villages. The mussels are collected in large quantities in May and June, and the methods employed by these inland pearl fishermen are not unlike those used by the Mikimoto sea-pearl doctors.

The valves of each mussel are gently opened, and foreign bodies which serve as irritants are inserted by means of a forked bamboo stick. These foreign substances, however, are of various compositions—prepared mud, or small pieces of bone, brass, or wood, instead of the mother-of-pearl used in this capacity by the coastal experts. When a number of these irritants have been placed in strategic positions on one valve, the mussel is turned over and a like operation is completed on the other valve. The mussels are next placed in shallow ponds connected with fresh-water canals, and are nourished by tubes of fertilizer, which are thrown over them from time to time.

The length of time required for the development of these cultured fresh-water pearls is considerably shorter than the seven years allotted to the growth of their briny relations. After several months, and sometimes two or three years, the mussels are taken from the ponds, and the pearls which have formed over the irritant sores are cut from the shells and put on the market. The molluscs themselves, being tender and delicious, are eaten. Millions of such pearls are sold every year at Soochow, and, although they are river-pearls and therefore less valuable than those taken from the sea, it is profitable to raise them.

Many of these Chinese pearls are cast in strange designs, the most common being that of the image of Buddha. The molds are made in very thin lead, or stamped in tin, and are inserted in the mussel as described above. This causes the pearl to grow about the metal form, and to take its shape. Specimens of these Buddha pearls may be found in the British Museum.

How the Pearls, Little and Big, Are Used by Thousands for Feminine Adornment, From the Pearl Turban on the Head to the Long Pearl Pendants Hanging From the Girdle.

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Mr. Adams's Interesting "Happy Family"

Ex-Wife, Daughter and Present Wife All Living Together in Perfect Harmony With Him and Their 5 Dogs, 3 Pianos, 2 Radios, 3 Autos and the Lone Canary

Mrs. Aimee Rozella Adams, the Second Wife, in an Affectionate Pose With Claire Adams, Daughter of the First Wife.

To the Right—The Adams Home on Alpine Drive, Beverly Hills, Near Los Angeles, Where the Family Dwells in Peace and Harmony.

Miss Claire Adams, the Daughter of Mrs. Adams No. 1, While Above Her Mr. Adams Is Playing Partner With His First Wife, and Mrs. Adams No. 2 (at Left) Is Paired Up With Claire, the Daughter by Mrs. Adams No. 1.

The Second Mrs. Adams in Riding Togs, With Her Pet Dog.

IN OLDEN days the circus and dime shows used to have an exhibit entitled "Happy Family" and consisting of three natural enemies—a dog, a cat and a mouse—all living peaceably together in the same cage. People wondered how this could possibly be.

Mr. Stanley Adams, grand opera singer, makes no charge for an even more remarkable exhibit in his lovely home on Alpine Drive, Beverly Hills, Los Angeles, where he keeps his present wife, his former divorced wife, his daughter by that first wife, and himself, all good friends, under one roof.

As if to make the happiness of this strangely assorted happy family even more difficult, he has provided them with three pianos, two radios, a canary and five dogs and, in addition, they are all singers. With that noisy arsenal of instruments of music, to say nothing of the human voice, four angels, straight from Heaven, could easily drive each other mad. However, this is partly offset by having three automobiles, making it possible, at any time for any three of the family's members to take a dog or two and dash off in all directions, leaving the most persistent musician of the four alone with perhaps only the canary.

Los Angeles, being in California, is right next door to Nevada, famous for its divorce mill at Reno, the mill which proves how hard it is for one man to get along with only one wife at a time.

For a husband to speak favorably of a former wife, even though she be safely dead and buried, is considered cruel and unusual treatment. If he does it often he must expect to pay alimony. Even in the free-and-easy society life of Palm Beach no hostess would make the social blunder of inviting to the same party both the present and ex-wife of any man. They are natural enemies, as everybody knows. Yet the gifted Mr. Adams has his two wives, not quite eating out of the same dish, but at the same table, without bloodshed or so much as a cross word or a mean look.

One of the members of the household is a daughter, Miss Claire Adams, an actress, and widow of the late Ben B. Hampton, scenario writer and producer. In poetry and fiction it used to be said that a child's hand often led estranged parents back to marital peace and happiness. According to the cold statistics of the divorce courts children are more often sources of discord than they are pacifiers.

In this case, from a military point of view, the daughter would hardly tend to keep the peace because she is the child of the husband and of the first wife, thus favoring a balance of power in the household—a situation which the rightful boss of the home would be most unlikely to tolerate. Yet she does tolerate it. In fact, it was the daughter who conceived the idea and made them all like it.

Necessity, as usual, was the mother of this invention. When Miss Claire Adams' husband died she was left alone in a large house on a 300-acre property in New York State. It was unbearably lonesome, so she began thinking of how to surround herself with her relatives. Here was her mother, the first Mrs. Adams, living alone out on the Coast, and in California also lived her father, and his new second wife. The first notion of a family round-up came to her mind when she found the first Mrs. Adams lonely and inclined to dwell on the old days before the divorce.

There had been no scandal nor harsh accusations in that parting, which had really been caused by the demands of opera-singing which kept Mr. Adams so steadily on the move that he had almost no home life. The only charge was that meaningless one of incompatibility. Miss Adams called on her father and found him as eager to see her as she had hoped. Nothing strange about that; but only two years ago he had married a much younger woman, one hardly older than his daughter. Next to wives and their predecessors and wives and their mothers-in-law, as natural enemies, come step-daughters and their step-mothers.

The miracle started right there because Claire and her step-mother, instead of "bristling up" and "putting on the ice" to each other became such chums that the pleased and surprised Mr. Adams heard his second wife commenting favorably on what his daughter said and wore, and urging him to add his pleas to hers, inviting the daughter to visit them early and often.

After a few more visits, Miss Adams got the two mothers together and, to her joy, saw that they adopted a friendly attitude. It was time to divulge the big idea. She began on the first Mrs. Adams by asking how she would like to have all four together in one big house. Mrs. Adams registered shock, as they say in the movie scenarios.

"But a divorced wife can't live with her former husband unless they remarry, which is impossible because your father has married someone else," Mrs. Adams said, aghast at such an unconventional situation.

"Because she is his wife she will make the best chaperon imaginable. Don't you see?" argued Claire. Mrs. Adams Number One did not see anything but an impossible social situation. However, she admitted that in a different sort of world, where people could understand, it would be delightful as far as she was concerned. Also she promised to accept if the present Mrs. Adams should invite her, a thing she looked upon as about as likely as that Mrs. Hoover would ask her to move into the White House.

Having gotten that member of the proposed syndicate to agree provisionally, Miss Adams moved on to the really important one, the present reigning spouse. If she could be sold on the idea, that would settle it because what chance has one man against three women?

With the zeal of a promoter of big business combines, she outlined the plan to the second Mrs. Adams.

"We would have to get a big house," Claire explained, excitedly, "where we could have our own quarters separate and apart. Then you and I could go to the seashore, to the links, the tennis courts and the clubs, together. Don't you think it would be splendid?"

Real salesmanship does not consist in selling something that a person does not want but in making a customer realize a new want he had never felt before. It is a gift, and Miss Adams evidently has it, because Mrs. Adams the Second thought the idea just too lovely. That made it unanimous except for the formality of obtaining the consent of the head of the family.

Mr. Adams, being over sixty, and belonging to what has recently become the conservative sex, was stunned at first. His daughter must have become intoxicated by the climate. He reasoned with her gently.

"My dearest little girl," he said, "I'd love the idea, but living that way—well, it just isn't being done. What would people think—what would people say?"

They let him argue logically and at great length but, of course, as the gamblers say, "it was all in the bag" before he was asked and now he is as proud of the scheme as if it had been his own invention. Seated in the library of the new home the other day, Mr. Stanley Adams told how this strange experiment is working out.

"Here we are in spite of everything and everybody," he said, "living together comfortably, happily and in perfect harmony. Not as Claire Adams Hampton, Mrs. Lillian Adams and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Adams, but as Claire, Lillian, Aimee and Stanley. I suppose it is an extraordinary situation from the world's point of view and many will wonder how we manage it. Well—

"We respect and understand each other perfectly. We do not go about with chips on our shoulders. We are interested in each other's doings and successes. We try to follow out the Golden Rule. We have all lived quite a few years and I suppose have benefited much by our experiences. We have traveled considerably and are all passionately fond of good music. And, in addition, we have a sense of humor.

"We do not tread on each other's toes. Our friends belong to us all. As we have our own separate living apartments, we can if we wish, entertain three sets of friends at one and the same time.

"We all have been in professional life for many years. Claire made a success in silent pictures and since the death of Mr. Hampton has resumed work on her voice and musical recitations. Lillian, my first wife, is a pianist and accompanist and Aimee is an accompanist and singer. She was on the stage with Maude Adams and in pictures with William S. Hart and others a few years ago. I have put in twenty years in operatic and dramatic work and am still singing and teaching.

"We're finding a lot of beauty in our manner of living and no longer think of it as 'a plan.' We're just 'a family' now. We all have our respective duties to perform. Claire and Aimee are the hostesses and Aimee runs the house. Lillian concentrates on her piano, her reading and her dogs. I run the financial end of the household.

"Can you wonder that we are happy—that we keep the corners of our mouth turned up? We do not live in the past, but in the present, knowing that the future is in better hands than ours. The only problem I have is that, being the oldest of the quartette, I have to hustle to keep up with the young."

Lest the sweetness of so much feminine society becomes cloying, Mr. Adams is permitted most of the morning and one meal, breakfast, alone. The feminine members of the household enjoy this first meal in bed whenever they wake up. All four turn up for luncheon together in the dining-room and again for dinner at night.

Probably the main secret of this strange household's success lies in the fact that it is in triplicate. The daughter, the first Mrs. Adams, the second Mrs. Adams with the husband can retire into their respective private apartments. There are three telephones as well as three cars and three pianos. Though there is only one canary, that is because there is no demand for any more, and though there are five dogs on the premises, all the property of Miss Adams, the other human members of the household are welcome to the services of any of them and there is a fifth for a spare.

A section of the western wing of the house, upstairs, is given over to Mrs. Adams No. 1 as her living quarters. In it is her private bath, telephone, books and piano.

"And just look!" she said ecstatically, when exhibiting her abode.

She threw open a window. Stretching toward the sea was a beautiful vista.

"Who would not be happy with that?" the first Mrs. Adams asked, as if it explained everything.

Scenery and comforts do not explain why these three women do not quietly but relentlessly strive to spread their personality, their clothes and other belongings all over that house. By some unwritten peace treaty they do not, they refrain from crossing any of those invisible frontiers into the other's sphere of influence. In perfect friendship, because there are no adroit attempts at "managing," they meet at meals and sometimes around one of the pianos, all singing and playing together.

Those free-for-all concerts include the efforts of the canary. The dogs also try to join in the fun, but their voices are not true and they are always ejected. It is the one jarring note in an otherwise perfect harmony of domestic life, but the four-footed musicians do not seem to mind.

A few weeks ago the Adams family opened its home to friends. The house was filled and cars lined the streets for two blocks in each direction—such was the interest in this happy family. Miss Claire Adams and Mrs. Aimee Adams (wife No. 2), moved about as hostesses but Mrs. Adams No. 1 was always the centre of the most interested group.

The only regret was on the part of some of the welfare organizations who realized too late that they might have just as well collected a dollar a head for the unemployed.

And still—one wonders what the first Mrs. Adams, who started life with Mr. Adams at the same age, sometimes thinks when she bids "good-night" to him and his young second wife.

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Are you a victim of HOUSEWIVES' NERVES?

By Russell Patterson

1 "MY *busy little Betty,*" *says friend husband, adoringly, "suppose you forget the housework and let's go places." But poor Betty says "no" again. She's always too* tired *to go. Wastes happy hours needlessly in drudgery . . . then sits around evenings wondering where's her wandering boy tonight. No wonder she's a victim of* HOUSEWIVES' NERVES. *So she calls up Mrs. J. for a line of sympathy.*

2 BUT *she can't get sympathy here, Mrs. J. is in the same fix. Old before her time. Another case of* HOUSEWIVES' NERVES. *The phone's upstairs and as she drags herself aloft, she murmurs . . . "watta life, watta life. Mussy bathrooms, dirty tubs, musty mirrors, rusty ranges . . . just when I could really care for a rubber of bridge. Wonder how Marge manages to get around so much." Answers the phone, "oh, hello, Betty. Yes, I'm sick of it all too. Let's drop in on Marge. Let's get the low-down on all her leisure."*

3 THE *next afternoon sees Betty and Mrs. J. at Marge's. And as they drift into the bathroom for a dab to the complexion their eyes go wide. "My dear, did you ever see anything so bright? Look at that gleaming tub . . . look at those sparkling tiles . . . and the woodwork. Am I green? Say, I thought she said she couldn't afford a maid."*

4 OVER *the bridge, Betty makes a grand slam at Marge, "Darling," she says sweetly, "has the stock market come back or did your rich uncle in Brazil die? By the looks of your bathroom, you must have a maid."*

"Why no," no's Marge . . . "no maid at all . . . that's my Bab-O, I use it on all enamel and porcelain. It practically cuts my housework time in half. And it's economical. A little Bab-O goes a long way."

5 AND *in the kitchen . . .*

"No, it's not a new refrigerator," Marge proudly declares, "not a new range. Remember that ugly rust stain on the sink? That's gone too, thanks to Bab-O. A sprinkle of Bab-O . . . a wipe and it's bright. Why all the girls in our crowd wouldn't think of being without Bab-O."

6 AND *now that they've discovered Bab-O, no more* HOUSEWIVES' NERVES *for Betty and Mrs. J. Betty's even got enough extra pep to throw a party now and then. "Got a trade-last for you honey," whispers Jim to Betty, "My boss just told me he never dreamed I had such a bright and cheerful looking home and he sure did compliment me on my pretty young wife."*

7 MORAL: *Don't be a victim of* HOUSEWIVES' NERVES. *Let Bab-O cut your housework in half. Order a few cans of Bab-O from your grocer. It brightens enamel and porcelain, tubs, tiles, basins, floors, quickly . . economically. It works like magic on kitchen sinks, refrigerators, ranges and tiles. A little Bab-O does a big job.*

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To End the Tyranny of Men's Uncomfortable Clothes

Distinguished English Men and Women Meet to Decide Upon Substitutes for the Stiff-Bosomed Shirt and Starched Collar for Evening Wear, Something Better Than Trousers, and Pleasing Color Effects That Are Now Found Only in What the Girls Wear

Silk Office Clothes for Warm Weather, Advocated by the "Men's Dress Reform Party" of England, Which Would Be Certain to Create for a Time Much Comment in Any American Office.

LONDON, Sept. 16.

THE Men's Dress Reform Party has just held its annual convention and dinner at the Mayfair Hotel in London, and, among other interesting things, picked out and gave a prize for what it considered the most perfect dress suit for man.

The points judged were comfort and healthfulness, ingenuity and originality, artistry, color and charm. First prize was awarded to Mr. Stanley P. Jordan for his design of a purple coatee and trousers in soft cloth faced black, and a pale purple silk shirt with narrow collar, standing up behind, and lying open in front and the shirt front loosely laced with purple cord.

The second prize went to Mr. Ernest Thesiger, who wore a blue silk shirt, thin dark blue trousers and a belt with a silk pouch; the third prize went to Mr. Robert Gibbings, who wore a long artistic yellow shirt over blue trousers. All these were in the place of the stiff collar, concrete-starched-bosom dress shirt, tight-fitting hot tuxedo or evening coat, vest and pants.

It was an odd looking dinner-party. Some of the guests appeared in conventional dinner clothes, but the most of them had on shorts, long thin stockings, skirts, kilts, blouses and so on. Dr. Jordan, the founder of the M. D. R. P., was not as gay as last year. At that time he faced the camera in a gold lace tunic and sandals, while carrying a cloak which suggested a toga. His arms and legs were bare as those of any ancient Greek or Roman. This year his legs were hidden by long, close-fitting hose, and he exhibited a restrained tunic.

Dr. Haden Guest, the distinguished Harley Street physician, said that man's clothing in his lifetime contained so many microbes that if placed end to end they would go right around the solar system.

Mr. Anthony Bradley, distinguished London tailor, arose to dissent to the previous speeches. He said that free and comfortable clothing was all well enough for sports and holidays, but for the serious and formal functions of life, formal clothes were necessary.

The Clothing Trade was definitely in favor of colored clothes for men—a man could not wear a pink suit or a red suit day after day as he could his present dark suits. Therefore the Trade would sell more clothes. But Mr. Bradley accused those men who rejoiced in "unusual or exotic attire of being psychically abnormal."

"The man who, alone in the jungle, changes into his dinner jacket, does so to convince himself that he is not a savage," said Mr. Bradley. "Soft sloppy clothes are symbolical of a soft and sloppy race. Sturdy and virile man is capable of withstanding the rigors of a stiff shirt."

Dr. Percy Dearmer, the Canon of Westminster Cathedral, said that a collection of men he had seen in a busy London street made "a dark and gloomy mass; it was not right that assemblies of men should form blots on the otherwise happy landscape."

Mr. Thesiger, who won the second prize, spoke for color and self-expression. He said that he had recently been in New York, where all men wore black clothes and spoke of nothing but depression. In California, however, where economic conditions were just as bad, men wore bright clothes and spoke cheerfully. "Let us go gay," pleaded Mr. Thesiger.

As usual, this party of clothes revolutionists abundantly proved that modern male attire is wrong from almost any point of view, uncomfortable, unhealthy and dreary looking. And yet the enthusiasts had to admit that all over the world pants wearers refused to be emancipated, and in some countries, such as Turkey, China and Japan, they were backsliding from kimonos, skirts, bloomers and kilts into the inartistic shackles of long trousers.

But why was man clinging so firmly to his pants?

What was the trouble? A letter signed "A. Homely-Man," which had been received, seemed to point out one of the reasons and the necessity for intensive education upon the points raised. The letter read:

"Honored Sir:

"I admit everything that has been said against the conventional male clothing and hate it as much as anybody does. Also I know that men do not live as long as women and suspect that clothing may be the reason.

"Last year I watched with admiration the parade of daring men who appeared with naked knees at Ascot and I have studied most of the emancipation costumes that have been exhibited on either side of the Atlantic. They are fine, comfortable, clean, good-looking, sensible, but they won't do for just one reason.

"If men go in for those revealing clothes they must also become beautiful, like the women, or look ridiculous. A youth in his slim twenties, especially if he is blessed with hairless legs, can go around in shorts and Byronic shirts open half way down the chest. A few men keep their figures into their forties and even fifties, but the average male develops a paunch, stoop shoulders, heavy rear upholstery, hairy piano legs or thin, bow-legged or knock-kneed ones.

"The present, cast-iron styles have been evolved and are going to be clung to because they conceal more structural faults than any other form of clothing except ankle-length skirts. Most of us have not forgotten the forest of strange-looking calves which greeted our eyes when woman emancipated herself from the long skirt. At first it was a fearful and wonderful sight, but not for long. A miracle happened. Now all feminine legs look pretty much alike, they have become almost standardized. Woman managed it by becoming more of a slave to beauty culture than she had ever been before. But then woman has the leisure and the inclination for it. Most women who work seem to be working mostly to support some beauty shoppe.

"The father of a family has neither time nor money for such things. The nuisance of making himself beautiful enough for revealing clothes would not stop at diet and depilatories, but would go on to plucked eyebrows, face-lifting, hair dyeing, permanent waves and artificial eyelashes. There is no half way business about being beautiful. Even worse, we men would doubtless go around all day agonizing about our appearance, as women do, instead of never looking at our faces except when we shave them. No, we do not want our freedom at such a price.

"A. Homely-Man."

Dr. Alfred C. Jordan, the honorable secretary of the Men's Dress Reform Party, replied to the objections raised, and held one article of clothing after another of his set up to shame and ridicule. He asked:

"What are the worst features of men's dress?" and answered: "Their excessive weight; they weigh six times as much as women's. Next, their tightness; they have various tightnesses; the worst is at the neck. A man's collar and tie are preposterous! Fanatical and irritating to put on; tight and uncomfortable to wear; it has no redeeming feature. The starched collar is bad; the soft collar is worse, for it clings close to the neck all around. The neck is packed with important structures: wind-pipe, food-pipe, main nerves, great arteries and veins, all of them essential to life. Fastening a tourniquet round the neck is no less than attempting suicide! But henceforth no man need choke: the M. D. R. P. has evolved shirts and collars that leave the neck free, yet pass muster in the office and the club.

"The next object for reform is the waistcoat, the chief fault of which is that it is not 'fit to be seen' since its back is treated as underwear; consequently a man cannot remove his coat. Even if he wears no waistcoat, he still cannot remove his coat, for his brakes are even more unsightly. So an essential object for reform is to make it 'respectable' for a man to remove his coat—as a woman does. To achieve this end, braces must be (a) abolished, (b) hidden or (c) made decorative.

"What of trousers? Nobody regards them as things of beauty; but hear what our members have to say of them: 'Stove pipes'; 'ill-favored and insanitary monstrosities'; 'horrible contraptions'; 'unhealthy and hideous'; 'the stupidest, ugliest garment yet devised.' Trousers came into fashion, apparently, as a result of the French Revolution, when Royalists sought to save their necks from the guillotine by renouncing their finery and imitating the unlovely garb of the conquering hordes.

"If—as I hope—you agree with me that trousers have had far too long a run, what is to take their place? The choice is not unlimited. Trousers can be replaced by shorts, breeches or by the kilt."

Having shown up the villainy of the masculine hat and shoes, Dr. Jordan went back and took a few swings at that pride of the closet, the dinner coat or full dress suit. The chief justification for changing into evening dress has always been that one does not wish to dine and dance in the same clothes in which one has worked and perhaps perspired during the day.

Dr. Jordan pointed out that whatever you dance in you are sure to perspire in, that the only way to remove perspiration is by washing and nobody ever heard of sending a dress suit to the laundry. And what is the final fate of the much-perspired dress suit? The doctor traces it to the waiter, who wears it, still unwashed, as he lays food before guests who would be horrified at anything but spotless table linen.

Mark Twain urged that evening dress should be white and he was not joking. Why must it always be funeral black? Because black is the best hider of dirt that has thus far been discovered.

But the "Tailor and Cutter," the main organ of the London tailors, took a highly conservative view of the situation despite the approval of the reforms by many of its members.

It pointed out that civilization might be wrecked by a change in men's clothing. It said:

"Clothes are not only protection and decoration, they are symbols of modern civilization. Society is held together by conventions, which at the same time leave men free for the great things of life. Theoretically it may be a trifling matter for every man to wear just what he likes. Actually such sartorial anarchy would, in the long run, disintegrate society."

And in further discussing the dinner, it went on:

"Men of divers nationality were present in native costume. Mr. Gonsuke Komai, the Japanese poet, was a smiling figure in kimono. Russian and Cossack dress accompanied hirsute faces. An Indian was picturesque in red velvet bolero and white jodhpurs. These gentlemen not only lauded their own clothes at the expense of ours, but had the satisfaction of listening to misguided Britishers vaunting foreign attire.

"In former days we were familiar with men who constantly praised other countries and denounced their own. The up-to-date variant seems to be preference for everyone else's dress. The most dangerous enemies to a nation are those within her gates. While others are fighting hard to retain commercial supremacy, which includes textile and tailoring, reformers are prepared to hand over the keys or sell the pass.

"It means less than nothing to some that Britain is supreme in textiles, that London is the centre to which other races turn for guidance in men's dress. The skill and toil of a century are disregarded and, in such an hour as this, doctors, clergymen and actors seek to destroy the fabric and scatter hard-earned laurels. There is more than honor and glory at stake now, it is the living of thousands employed in such trades. Further than this, if you cripple or injure a national industry, thousands outside its circle are damaged by repercussions.

"License is dangerous and we applaud the action of those in authority who rebuke an official for appearing in court in tennis shirt, and a man who went into the witness box dressed in cricket shirt opened at neck, and belted white flannel trousers without a coat. We commend the alderman who objected to young men employes wearing plus-fours in a town hall."

Nevertheless, the Dress Reform Party is going right ahead. One of its members created much excitement in Croyden the other day by appearing in a sleeveless shirt, short skirts and a giddy sash, while his girl companion walked along in attractive pajamas, blouse and floppy hat. The Party members threaten to keep on appearing throughout London until people get used to seeing them. After this, they think, the more timid men will take up the new clothes and victory will be in sight.

This Cartoon Is Entitled "Excess Baggage" and Was Printed in "How to Live," the Monthly Journal of the Life Extension Institute, New York City.

Dr. A. C. Jordan, the Honorable Secretary of the "Men's Dress Reform Party," in His Blue Tunic and Trunk Hose, Which He Advocates for Everyday Use.

W. O. Saunders, of North Carolina, Walking Down Fashionable Fifth Avenue, New York, in His Pajamas—Mr. Saunders Will Probably Be the Head of a "Men's Dress Reform Party" in America Similar to That in England.

Two English Dress Reform Followers Putting Their Theories Into Action While a London "Hobby" Looks On, Both Astonished and Envious—The Man Wears a Gay Silk Sash and a Cream-Colored Shirt, While the Girl Wears Pajamas.

Mr. Stanley P. Jordan, Who Won First Prize in the Men's Dress Reform Party's Dinner Debate for His Design of Men's Evening Dress—Purple Coatee and Trousers of Soft Cloth, a Pale Purple Silk Shirt With Narrow Collar, and Shirt Front Loosely Laced With Purple Cord.

A Back View of the Skirted Dress Reformer and His Pajama-ed Companion.

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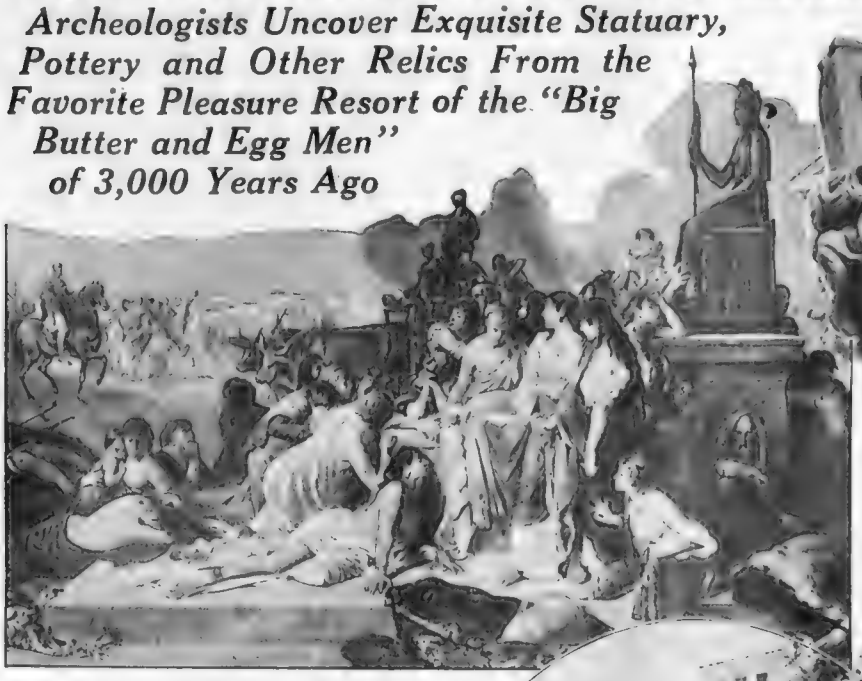
New Treasures from Corinth, Ancient "Whoopee" City

Archeologists Uncover Exquisite Statuary, Pottery and Other Relics From the Favorite Pleasure Resort of the "Big Butter and Egg Men" of 3,000 Years Ago



"The Last Day of Corinth." The Painting by the European Artist, Robert Fleury, Showing the Capture of the City by the Romans and Supplicants Gathered Around the Idol of Their Goddess Pallas Athene, Known to the Romans as Minerva.

The Recently Discovered Marble Head Believed to Represent the City-State of Corinth, Which Experts Say Ranks With the Famed "Fortuna of Antioch" Now in the Vatican Museum.

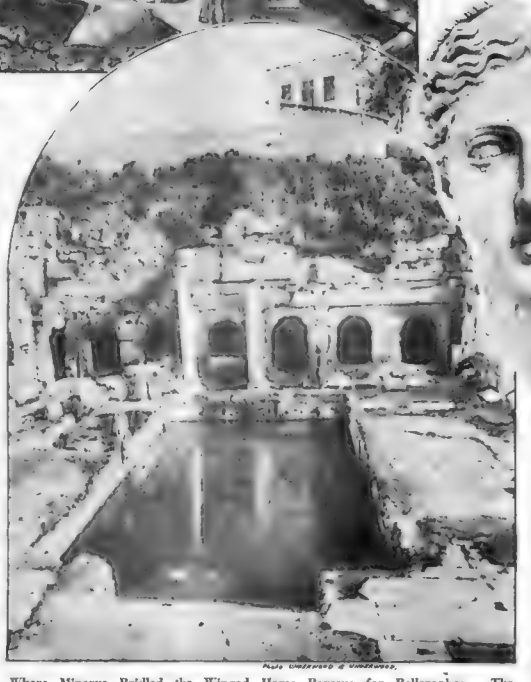


Photo Underwood & Underwood.

Where Minerva Bridled the Winged Horse Pegasus for Bellerophon. The Picturesque Ruins of the Old Pirene Spring, Corinth, Around Which the Archeologists Are Working.

The Broken Front of the Same Head.

The Beautiful, Modern Profile of the Marble Head of a Corinthian Woman of 2,000 Years Ago, Found at Corinth. The Fillet Over the Hair Was Originally Inlaid With Silver

THE archeologist's spade, digging down through the dust of the ages, has laid bare the haunts of those "big butter-and-egg men," with the painted ladies of the time, whose wild "Whoopee" parties in ancient Corinth scandalized even the Pagan world for many centuries before the Christian era.

And sure enough, "there is nothing new under the sun." It is now plain that this naughty city had [illegible] banks, brokers, stock [illegible], promoters, grafting politicians and most all the other [illegible] of modern times.

It was the luxurious way [illegible] finished the citizens which justified the big business interests of Rome in having their business razed not only raided in 146 B. C. but safely "padlocked" for a full hundred years. Julius Caesar, in 46 B. C., put Corinth back in business again, but things were never quite the same. The glamor had gone, the city's "big shots" and gilded youth "threw their parties" in Rome, which by that time was sufficiently wild to satisfy the most flaming youth on a rampage.

Ancient Corinth, besides its orgies and general wickedness, was a big manufacturing and trading center, a thriving seaport on the narrow isthmus connecting the mainland of Greece with the busy islands of the Peloponnesus. The archeologists of the American School of Classical Studies and of other organizations have found the factories where was made the exquisite Corinthian pottery which brought fancy prices all over the known world, the molds in which some of the vases were made and the vast clay beds which furnished material.

Also they have laid bare the foundations of great warehouses in which were stored rugs and silks from the Orient that had traveled painfully over routes carved by Alexander's sword. And gold, silver and precious stones in which the merchants trafficked and grew rich to the envy of Rome and even Athens and other Greek cities.

The city dealt in food, too, such as olive oil and "golden apples," presumably oranges from Africa; and it introduced dried currants so successfully that even today they are called by that name, a corruption of Corinths. Architecture still uses the Corinthian column.

People of other cities and countries did not care to talk about their rival's superiorities, but preferred to advertise Corinth's vice and extravagance, which apparently were not much exaggerated. New York and other big cities are constantly scolded because visiting bowers have been entertained not wisely but too well, and the same thing was true in Corinth except that there entertainment went the limit. Yet it was business before pleasure.

The grain dealer from Byzantium met the dealer in ivory from distant India, the merchants from Babylonia brought magnificent tapestries, and the isles of Greece sent their choicest wines to the great market of Corinth. When the bales of goods were spread out for sale and the scents of Araby filled the air, trading went on apace so long as daylight lasted—but afterwards came the "hot time in the old town tonight."

This began piously enough in Corinth's younger days as part of the city's religious worship of Sidonian Astarte, under the Greek name of Aphrodite, the goddess of love. All religions need lots of money, and one of Aphrodite's most prolific sources of income was from her priestesses who entertained everybody from visiting merchant princes to sailors from the ships and even slaves who had managed to steal or graft a little money from their masters.

In a modern big city, instead of the beautiful priestess to drink and make merry with the gentleman from out of town, there is the chorus girl, the nightclub hostess and the taxi dancer. Priestess and chorine, through the ages, have had to be paid for their favors, but there was one difference. The priestess of old was supposed to turn in her profits to the temple of the deity she worshiped, while the modern lady [illegible] at the head of the beauty shoppe, jeweler's store or motor car showroom.

The ancient counterpart of the modern "big butter-and-egg man" when he decided to make a night of it often managed to get pretty thoroughly intoxicated, but drunkenness, though perfectly legal, was not so much indulged in as it is under prohibition today. For one thing, they lacked the fiery guns, whiskies and brandies which are the bootlegger's main stock in trade today. They had nothing even as strong as champagne, which has only been invented about 200 years and is fortified by the addition of a certain amount of pure alcohol.

To get really intoxicated on the light, unfortified wines of Pagan days was possible, but it took a long time and the consumption of such a large quantity of liquid as to be rather uncomfortable. At the interminable, all-night banquets the guests lay on couches instead of sitting in chairs, and the principal vice was gluttony rather than drinking too much.

The foundations of the Temple of Aphrodite Melanis, (Black Aphrodite) which stood in a grove of evergreen cyprus trees, have been located. Connected with this temple were 1,000 hierodulae or priestesses, open for their beauty from all countries and ready to minister to anyone according to his purse. The youngest and most beautiful were for the rich, whose fees were in proportion to the modern thousand dollar bills tossed out by steel and oil "johnnies" before the crash. Those who were no longer in the first blush of youth and beauty were more reasonable and even the old brought in a small but steady income from the poor.

The merchant who had made a profitable voyage, escaping dangers of storm and reef on uncharted and unlighted coasts, to say nothing of pirates, felt that some divinity had smiled on him, likely as not this Aphrodite, and by giving her priestess a handsome tip he was squaring his obligation to the goddess and having a gay time to boot.

Those priestesses were highly venerated and, since anything religious must be all right, their profession had to be called honorable. Naturally courtesans who were not attached to any deity and worked only for their own pockets soon started up in competition. It was these unregulated ladies whose conscience was their only guide who gave Corinth a large part of its bad repute. However, many of them became famous for their wit, beauty and spirit and were even praised by philosophers and poets.

But such writers of comedies as Aristophanes made wise-cracks, pointing out that as they grew old and charmless, they often entertained men for as low as one drachma (about ten cents).

It was not the "ten-cent" women nor the priestesses who made the trouble. When the wealthy gentleman from out of town took one of the temple hierodulae out for a good time it cost him only her fee and whatever he cared to pay for other entertainment. But, as the more attractive ones charged all the traffic would bear, some of the thrifty customers haggled and walked away from that cyprus grove. In such case he was likely to be met by a lovely "free lance" whose terms would be pleasingly low.

The delighted merchant would follow his beautiful "bargain" through narrow streets into a quarter of town which he had never visited before. Fascinated by his companion's conversation, he would not notice that he was watched by hard and cynical faces which exchanged knowing winks. At the door of her house, a flicker of commotion might make him remember that he had not been introduced and ought to watch his step. But he would be reassured by the sight of a Corinth policeman, not in blue uniform but in the arms and armor of a soldier from the citadel's garrison. As there was no glass in the windows of those days he had only to shout for this protector to hear.

So in he went to the lady's home. When the time came to put on his cloak and depart he made the discovery that somehow his purse, containing all the profits of the voyage, had vanished. His fair companion's contribution was a piercing shriek, which was the cue for several men, armed to the teeth, to break in the door and ask what he was doing to their "sister." This was the time to yell for the "cop," who responded with commendable speed but only to assist the other men in running the stranger out of the neighborhood.

He was a victim of what is called today "the old panel game," older than Corinth and probably as old as housebuilding. Then there was the "badger game," in which a man armed to the teeth bursts in, posing as the lady's infuriated husband, who could only be induced to spare the visitor's life by accepting everything he had.

For those who were wary of women's wiles there were other traps, such as gambling games and devices. Except for electrical improvements it is doubtful if the modern professional gambler has invented anything new in the way of cheating his victims. With all these rich strangers in town there was the inevitable crew of pickpockets, hold-up men and burglars. It is even recorded that the original rascals were held up by others, the forerunners of the modern bootlegger's hi-jacker. And above all ruled the grafting politician, commander of the garrison in the almost impregnable Acrocorinth. He had the valuable power of choosing the soldiers who sold what is called "protection" today.

Every wife whose husband went to Corinth had heard of these tales. If he returned to her without his ship, penniless and in rage, she was not likely to believe his alibi about shipwreck and pirates, even if it were true.

This background of unpopularity was used as the excuse by Roman generals when the various Greek cities rose in revolt against Roman domination, for not only conquering Corinth but completely razing the place. It was the simple, ancient equivalent of the modern padlock. However, Julius Caesar, who thought in terms of the whole empire, realized that such destruction was stupid, and he restored the ruined city to flourish for centuries.

The Corinthian "sport," of course, liked to take his girl to the best show in town, which was always at the great amphitheatre whose ruins the archeologists have laid bare. The actors and managers of such a show today would be arrested on various charges from murder to cruelty to animals. The gladiators fought and killed animals and [illegible] yet these shows were not "immoral" because women rarely took part.

The excavators, under Professor T. Leslie Shear, of Princeton, came upon a wall 130 feet long which had separated the musicians from the audience. On it were paintings, one of which depicted a Roman Emperor about to hurl a spear at a charging lion. Nero and others actually did such things in the arena but they were not very good sports, as suggested by the presence of a husky gladiator who is holding a rope tied to the lion's hind leg.

The ruins of the walls around the famous Spring of Pirene have been uncovered. Here it was, according to mythology, that the goddess Minerva, known to the Corinthians as Pallas Athene, bridled the winged horse Pegasus for Bellerophon when he started out to fight the Chimera. Bellerophon, mounted on Pegasus, easily killed the monster, and went on to further triumph.

Two of the most impressive "finds" made by the American excavators this year at Corinth are a beautiful carved marble head of "Fortune," wearing a crown of towers and presumed to represent the mighty towers of the Acrocorinth above the city, and another exquisite marble head of a Corinthian woman. The ruins of the fortifications reveal such ingenuity that Professor Edward Capps, chairman of the American Schools managing committee, has suggested that the United States War Department should send an expert to study them.

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By "Kiki"—Queen of the Paris Artists' Studios

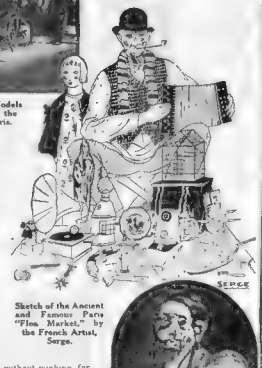
Secrets of Life in the Famous "Latin Quarter," the Follies, Triumphs and Tragedies in the Strangest Collection of Queer People in All the World, Revealed by Mlle. Alice Prin, the Best Known Artist's Model in Europe

The Restaurant "Rotonde," Popular With Artists and Models (When They Have Any Money to Spare for Food), in the Montparnasse Section on the Left Bank of the Seine, Paris.

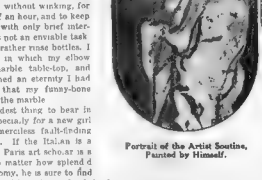
THE mirage of Art, Literature and Pleasure attracts to the Latin Quarter of Paris the most extraordinary freaks of humanity from all corners of the earth. Some live on the Left Bank of the Seine, at Montparnasse, and others in the Bohemian section known as Montmartre. Artists move their studios from one section to the other as the whim seizes them, and their models go with them.

Into this crazy, irresponsible, copsy-turvy life came pretty Alice Prin when she was sixteen, and for eighteen years she has charmed the art colony with her wit and beauty and was recently voted their Queen. Some of the painters and sculptors for whom "Kiki" as she is called, has posed are now rich and famous. Others came to a tragic end, dying of want or despair, or adding their names to the long martyr-roll of vice, alcoholism and drugs.

In these pages Kiki reveals glimpses behind the scenes in the studios which the imagination of novelist or dramatist would never have dreamed of.



Sketch of the Ancient and Famous Paris "Flea Market," by the French Artist, Serge.



Portrait of the Artist Soutine, Painted by Himself.

Not All Artists Are Desperately Poor. This Is a Photograph of Ignace Francois Bibal, a Prosperous Artist, in His Studio on the Left Bank.

"The sculptor was sorry for me, and as I now had no home, permitted me to sleep in his studio. But it was January, the place was only heated by a little charcoal brazier, on which he cooked his meals, and while I managed to keep from freezing at night by wrapping up in a rug and some curtain-hangings, it was an ordeal to undress in the morning and pose nude for hours at a time."

Mlle. Alice Prin, Known as "Kiki," the Recently Elected Queen of the Paris Art Colony.

By "Kiki"
(Mlle. Alice Prin),
Artist's Model and Queen of the Paris Art Colony.

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MONTPARNASSE, in the famous "Latin Quarter" of Paris, is said to appeal to all the senses except common sense, which probably accounts for its popularity with painters, poets and pleasure-seekers. Many are the charms of this beguiling Bohemia, where I have long resided and recently was elected Queen, yet there are times when I feel tempted to take French leave of the Quarter. The interminable talk of art and literature, together with the din of cabarets and dance-halls, gets on my nerves, and I long to quit this Babel for some quiet corner of the countryside.

Of course, the Paris Latin Quarter is famous to the uttermost corners of the earth. The "Trilbys" of the artist studios have been glorified by the novelists and playwrights, and every tourist who comes to Paris must visit Montparnasse and look at us. They get no peep behind the scenes at real life in the studios, but they do see some of the artists in their velvet jackets in the cafes, and their models, sometimes dressed in extraordinary clothes.

I could frolic about in a studio clad only in a smile, but I required something more for the street—though much liberty is allowed in the Quarter when it comes to dress and undress. The Russian painter, Kremegne, whose pictures appeared in the first exposition to be held in a Montparnasse cafe, gave me a pair of his shoes and a threadbare overcoat that reached to the ground, a battered hat that belonged to Soutine, the Lithuanian artist, crowned my uncombed hair, and in this street regalia I felt as comfortable and happy as the most elegantly costumed Paris one.

Surely the Paris artists' colony in the Latin Quarter includes the strangest human beings in all the world. Later on I will tell more in detail about Stanislas Stuczgold, a mystic painter who derives his inspiration from the stars and not from the "heavenly bodies" of his models. Indeed, he places his model behind him or in the next room, where he cannot see her, and then goes on with his painting.

More than ordinary people, artists are allowed to have their own opinions, live their own lives and carry out their own ideas in their paintings or sculptures. There are such curious human beings as the sculptor Ostrokidenpak, who protests against the conventionalities and formalism of life, and insists that imitation is death to creative genius. As a living example of his convictions the sculptor felt he should show his freedom from oppressive tradition, so he painted one side of his nose red and the other side yellow, wore two hats wrapped about his feet instead of shoes, fastened the back of his vest over his stomach and slept standing up. At dinner he began with black coffee and dessert and went through the bill-of-fare backwards, concluding his meal with soup or oysters.

And, carrying out his ideas in his paintings and sculptures, he designed a residence with horizontal doors, zigzag windows, toboggans for staircases and with sleeping apartments located in the stable.

But there is no glamour or illusion for the penniless artists and the even poorer models in the Quarter. Perhaps I know as many artists and have posed in as many studios as any model, but the happiest hours of my life were not spent here but in the fields and forests of Burgundy.

My debut in the realm of art was made shortly after my sixteenth birthday. I had been without employment for a month and had spent my last sou when chance—whom someone has called the business-agent of Providence—introduced me to an elderly sculptor. He gave me 5 francs a day to pose for him in the altogether. Unluckily, his studio was not far from our flat, and when mother learned, through some gossips, that her daughter was engaged in such a "shameless" occupation, she hurried to the studio—where I was standing in my birthday suit—and made a scene, letting me understand that she never wanted to see me again.

The sculptor was sorry for me, and as I now had no home permitted me to sleep in his studio. But it was January, the place was only heated by a little charcoal brazier, on which he cooked his meals, and while I managed to keep from freezing at night by wrapping up in a rug and some curtain-hangings, it was an ordeal to undress in the morning and pose nude for hours at a time. I was colder than those poor nymphs on their pedestals in the Tuileries Gardens. In the Spring he was called away to the South on a job for a town-hall, and before leaving recommended me to a painter friend of his. This artist was far from being affluent, but, like the sculptor, was kind enough to give me the shelter of his atelier and share with me his bread, cheese and coffee.

Opposite the painter's studio lived an American sculptor, Mr. Howard, who had married one of his models, a girl from Auvergne. She had a beautiful baby and an amusing provincial accent. I often placed myself by the sculptor's door, hoping he would ask me to pose, and tried to vamp him by putting beauty-marks on my shoulders and by daubing my face with water-colors, as there was no rouge in the painter's outfit. To ingratiate myself with the wife, I smiled sweetly at the baby, yet this only seemed to enrage her, and she would snatch away her darling as if I were a pestilence. Perhaps the greatest torture I endured was to see her coming back from market, her provision-basket loaded with all sorts of good things to eat.

Later on I became the model of a portrait-painter at Montparnasse, who thought he was obliged, during each pose, to make burning declarations of love. Quite different was the hen-pecked artist I worked for soon afterwards. His wife was so jealous that she would not leave him alone a minute, and stood planted in the studio like a statue of conjugal fidelity. And I remember well the three weeks passed in the company of two geniuses with thought-laden brows. They wasted whole days in discussions nebulous as their tobacco-pipe smoke, preferring to theorize about the future of art than touch a brush to their canvases.

At the beginning, I was a modest model. By this I do not mean that my cheeks burned with shame or my eyes overflowed with tears at the bold, rude gaze of my employers. No, I was quite proud of my figure—although it scarcely could be called a fine-like—and of the fact that I might inspire a masterpiece. My modesty consisted in not daring to ask for my wages, and I was silly enough to content myself with a crust of bread, a cup of chocolate, or flattering words.

Undoubtedly, the artists took advantage of my stupidity and laughed at me in their beards. These budding Raphaels and Michelangelos paid tribute to my beauty, but no money to speak of. They admired their model's leg or breast, yet I would have been much more interested in a leg of mutton or breast of chicken. They were standing in my birthday suit—and madeira scene, letting me understand that she never wanted to see me again.

Academic poses I found the most fatiguing. To remain motionless, without winking, for three-quarters of an hour, and to keep this up all day, with only brief intervals of repose, is not an enviable task. In fact, I would rather raise bottles. I recall one pose in which my elbow rested on a marble table-top, and after what seemed an eternity I had the impression that my funny-bone had penetrated the marble.

But the hardest thing to bear in the schools—especially for a new girl model—is the merciless fault-finding of the students. If the Italian is a born model, the Paris art school is a born critic. No matter how splendid a damsel's anatomy, he is sure to find defects in it. And he takes a fiendish pleasure in placing her in the most ungraceful attitudes, all the time making whatever remarks his devilry may suggest.

Thirty members of the Beaux-Arts once painted my portrait at a sitting, and not one of them gave me the same color for my eyes. No wonder most models have such poor opinions of the work of the art students. And they are not always flattering in their remarks concerning the real masters of the brush. On a cafe terrace I overheard the following conversation between two models. They were seldom seen in the art schools, but moved in a favored circle, receiving regular salaries from well-known painters.

"Take my advice, Lucette, and don't pose for V——. He will make you stand up all day long. Moreover, his studio is cold as a barracks. And keep away, if you can, from F——. I worked for him last week, and what a troublesome fool he is! Always throwing his arms around you, and always forgetting to pay you. Next Monday I am going to pose for K——. He offers you imported cigarettes, good port to drink, and his atelier is comfortable. If he sometimes brays like a donkey and kicks you for being late, at least he gives you easy reclining poses—and a flesh color in his pictures not borrowed from the Morgue."

Models at Montparnasse are drawn from all classes. Pugilists are much in demand on account of their well-developed muscles, though portrait-painters are often inconvenienced when their model returns from a bout with blackened eyes, battered nose and cauliflower ear. Former dressmakers and stenographers are not rare in the ateliers, preferring to be moulded by a sculptor's hands than to work with their own. And there are plenty of serious married women, too, who think no more of disrobing for an artist in the daytime than undressing for bed at night.

Many girl models embrace their profession as a life work, rejoicing in the endless reproductions of their graces. But there are some who care more for the embraces of their employers. Posing with them is a mere pretext. These artful young creatures make the rounds of the studios at dusk, knock up at the door, and asking in their most seductive tones:

"Don't you need pretty models tonight?"

Scores of girls start posing with a determination to win success in the field of modeldom. They appear regularly at the studios for about two years, then less and less regularly, and at last disappear altogether. No doubt some marry or become the contented companions of artists and students, but the "boites-de-nuit" and dance-halls of Montparnasse have their own story to tell. It was a short and easy step from studio to cabaret. As the former are little wages, hard posing, dullness and poor clothes; at the latter are brilliant lights, showy costumes, popping of corks and abundant opportunities to make money.

The glamour of the gay night life proved the downfall of Germaine, one of the best loved models of the Quarter. Sculptors fairly raved about her figure, moulded like that of a bacchante. But this 18-year-old girl, so prodigal of enchantments, was impulsive, headstrong, passionate, and disliked the dreariness of the studio. Midnight suppers and the unrestrained abandon of the ball suited better her fancies. She sat on every lap, drank from every glass, and distributed kisses impartially, till people thought she was so accommodating with all that she could be faithful to no one. They were mistaken.

Germaine fell deeply in love with a Bourbon prince and became his sweetheart, being foolish enough to believe in his promises of marriage. After a year he abandoned her. "At first she hoped for his return, and found comfort in the care of the child that had sprung from their ephemeral union. But Germaine had a very strange way of taking care of this baby. When going out to market or to visit friends, she would shut it in the bureau drawer of her room, fearing it left in bed it would fall on the floor. I often told her how imprudent this was, but she did not seem to pay any attention. Perhaps her thoughts were wandering to her Prince Charming.

On returning home one evening, Germaine found her infant dead in the drawer, and two days later I was among the few who attended its funeral. Poor girl! Today she is often seen sitting on the terrace of the Rotonde restaurant staring absentmindedly at the passers-by. How one has changed in three short years! Her figure is shrunken now, and her hollow eyes and death-pale cheeks excite pity in all beholders.

The difficulties of maternal existence were great for artists and their models here in my early days. I knew several painters who existed solely by begging and thieving, as they had no luck in disposing of their canvases. These victims of art and circumstances—some called them ingenious children of necessity—used to meet in the old Rotonde, and paid for their coffee and "tartines" by stealing sous from the slot-machine. I followed their example with more or less success.

Here I must mention the exploits of an Arab model named Abdul. Each morning he entered the Rotonde, went to the counter and ordered a coffee. While the garcon's back was turned, Abdul would pocket two or three "croissants"—the appetizing light breakfast rolls of Paris—and before finishing his coffee had generally purloined two or three more, without paying for them, of course. The proprietor Libion suspected him, but the Arab's eyes were always so honest-looking and his fingers so clever that he remained unmolested.

Our peculiar talents were not confined to the cafe. Frequently we sallied forth into the street to rob fruit and vegetable stands, or to make discreet raids on the appetizing stores exposed for sale in front of the "epiceries" (groceries) and "charcuteries" (delicatessen stores). One member of our band was looked upon as a sort of Mascenas, because he pilfered canned goods from his mother's grocery store. He would divide the plunder in his atelier—from which he was later expelled for non-payment of rent—and there we feasted, danced and bawled out songs, without thought of the misery of the morrow.

I have mentioned wearing a battered hat that belonged to Soutine, the Lithuanian artist, and I must recall my first meeting with him. One Winter's night found me on the sidewalk with eight sous in my purse, while my companion, a young model named Mimi, was no richer. We did not have the price of a room, and it was too cold to sleep outdoors on a bench.

"Kiki," said Mimi, "I know a painter whose hobby it is to lodge homeless models. And he offers them tea, bread and butter, and salt pork. As a rule, there are five or six girls with him, but still we have a chance. Come along, he's a fine fellow."

Off we went, tramping along the snow covered pavements, and came at last to the Cite Falguiere, that is honeycombed with ateliers. It was dark, and we were not over brave as we climbed a narrow stairway to the painter's studio. Here we stopped in stupefaction, for the hubbub of voices coming from behind the door sounded as if a sultan were there amusing himself with his harem.

"We'll wait here on the stairs," said Mimi. "Perhaps a couple of girls will leave, and then we can take their place."

After waiting for about an hour in the draughty hallway, my hands and feet grew numb with cold and I began to cry. Mimi was telling me to brace up and be brave when we heard footsteps coming in our direction. It was one of our band we

The New Winter Gowns

Authoritative and Newest Fashions From the Studios of the Most Distinguished French Dress Creators, Drawn by Soulie, Foremost Fashion Artist of Paris

Gown by Mirande in Geranium Red. It Has an Almost Normal Waistline, With a Deep Fold Above It, Giving in the Front the Effect of a Short Bolero. The Material Is Shirred Round the Waist. There Are Wide Folds Over the Tops of the Arms. In the Back There Is a Bit of Complicated Draping, for the Flared Bow Is Cut in One With the Section Which Makes the Bolero in Front. The Rest of the Skirt Falls in Godet Folds to the Floor.

Evening Gown From Cheruit Is in Black Chiffon, Combined With a Heavy Tulle Lace, White with Silver Threads, Used in the Design. The Skirt Is as Full as a Morning Glory and Stands Out All Round in Contrast to the Slim Mainbocher One. The Bodice Is a Sort of Basque. It Has Revers That Make Cap Sleeves. It Is Twisted in the Front, and Through the Twists One Sees the Black Satin Bodice Lining. In the Back the Revers Make a Cape-Collar, Veiling the Deep Decollete.

Model From Maggy Rouff in a Deeply Crinkled Mat Velvet. The Color Is a Deep Rich Red. The Neckline Is High in Front and Also in the Back. A Big Twist of the Material Comes Directly Under the Chin. The Cap Sleeves Are Banded With Marten Fur in a Light Shade of Brown. The Natural Waist Is Accentuated by Cutting. While the Skirt Is Moderately Full.

An Example of the Slim Pillar Silhouette, a Black Satin Gown by Mainbocher. The Skirt Is Entirely Plaited and Hangs to the Floor in Unbroken Lines. The Waistline Is Very High in Front and Dipped in the Back. Round the Armholes Are Plaited Scarfs of the Same Satin. The Satin Is of the Crepe Variety, with a Dull and Shiny Side. The Skirt Is in the Shiny, While the Bodice Is in the Dull, With the Plaitings Round the Arms in Shiny.

PARIS, September 15.

VARIETY is the spice of the new Winter evening mode. Variety in silhouette, in fabric, and in color.

If women do not manage to find new clothes to fit their personalities like the proverbial glove, it will be just too bad, for the designers have given them every opportunity.

Take the matter of the silhouette first. One may have the slimmest possible line, turning oneself into a column, suited, perhaps, in the Greek manner, as in the model from Mainbocher sketched on this page, where the fluting is represented by narrow very flat plaits. If one wishes to have a more important skirt, there is a bewildering choice of them. Yionnet, Cheruit, Louiseboulanger, and many others, offer skirts that spread towards the feet like the inverted cup of a flower. This is illustrated in the Cheruit model on this page. If one loves complicated handling of material, there are draped skirts in several houses. An example from Mirande is drawn here. A skirt may stop at the ankle, touch the heel of the slipper, graze the floor, or trail slightly in the back.

The bodices are as varied as the skirts. They may be as short as those of the Directoire or the First Empire, or stop at the so-called "normal" place, or come down onto the hips by means of the new girdles, which put the waistline anywhere one likes it. Or, with Patou, one may go back to the Middle Ages, and belt a flowing, straight gown on the hipbone. One who does not see the sense of cutting the body in two with a belt, may adopt the princess line, without any belt at all, and find plenty of precedent for it.

It is the same thing with sleeves and decolletes. To sleeve or not to sleeve is the creator's question? There is a continuance of the feeling for covering the top of the arm, however, in many houses. Sometimes this is done with a short sleeve, as in the Maggy Rouff model, which may be straight or puffed, slashed plain, ruffled, banded with fur, or sometimes made of an entirely different material. Schiaparelli makes sleeves of blue-black ostrich feathers on a pale blue gown. Augustabernard puts short flattened puffs of another color into some of her evening gowns. Use flowers, if you like, or capes, sometimes plaited, sometimes spangled, which come down to the elbow, with Lanvin. Or make those trailing velvet marvels that are called teagowns, as Molyneux does them, in rich tones, slum, trained with long tight sleeves over the knuckles, and sometimes with a fur hem.

Decollete, also, may be very deep, very shallow, or a combination of both. Sometimes they are V shaped, again round, again oval, or U shaped. They may be outlined with feathers, fur, or flowers. Vionnet goes on bandaging our backs, sometimes in a different color from the gown, as in a model in cream crepe with bandings of purple velvet. Lyolene shows an evening guimpe frock, with a chemisette and short puffed sleeves of Irish crochet.

The evening materials are as eclectic as the cuts. Velvet is king of the year. The new varieties make a list too long to cite here. Among the greatest successes is Velours Paysan, a deeply crinkled velvet. It makes the gown from Maggy Rouff sketched on this page. Then there are the mat velvets, with short pile, that resemble suede. Everyone has used them. There are ribbed velvets, sometimes wide welts, sometimes narrow, occasionally in two colors. A gown of chiffon velvet, supple and fine, will be followed by one in stiff Lyons velvet. The new ones that look something like fine lizard skin are also well represented. There is even some panne velvet.

Crepes, perhaps, follow the velvets in popularity. They still like to crinkle their surfaces, some deeply, some shallowly. They keep you guessing trying to identify them. Satin is anything but forgotten. It, also, comes in new varieties. But crepe satin holds its own. It is used for the lovely Mainbocher gown on this page, which is made up showing two sides, dull and shiny. After the crepes and the satins, come the laces. They seem to be growing heavier and larger-patterned. Chiffon is with us, but not in such great quantities. Chanel has a new combination of velvet and chiffon. For combinations of material are everywhere. There are not many of the wonderful lames which France goes on making, for her own pleasure, apparently, or perhaps just to keep her hand in. Patou has used a few, Cheruit and Louiseboulanger quite a number, and Goupy makes evening gowns in Persian small-patterned lames.

Some of the houses, notably Lanvin, Worth, Molyneux, Louiseboulanger and Augustabernard, have made evening gowns in thin woolens. In some houses we find failles, taffetas and moires. In others, fragile nets and tulles. About the only evening fabric which is absent is the cotton of the Summer mode. It really would look out of place in Winter. Every other material is represented somewhere.

Turn to colors, and what a palette we find! Reds, perhaps, at the head of it. Every shade of red that you ever saw in flowers, with the wine reds at the other end of the scale, and even a "cabbage" red at Schiaparelli's. In some houses, almost nothing but dark colors for evening, brown, indigo blue, deep red, dark green or purple. In others, pale and pastel tones. Nothing dominating—except the already mentioned reds. You cannot think of a shade that is not in some collection. Two-tone combinations are usual, too, as if the variety of single shades was not great enough already.

Patou has a new way of combining his two tones, this season. He uses them as they did in the Middle Ages, half of one, and half of the other. He puts deep wine red and bright canary yellow together. It reminds one of a costume book. Of course, you will find plenty of white frocks, and black ones, too, if you want them. But the French designers are trying to raise the spirits of the world with gorgeous color, this season, and I, for one think they should be encouraged.

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IN THE SAME SIZED CABINET

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And that's not all. With Super-Power and lower price, you are offered another great advantage—*one-fourth more food space in the same sized cabinet.*

Even though your kitchen may be small you can now have a *roomy* refrigerator. And more food space means fewer trips to market—plenty of room for the specials you buy on "bargain days"—greater ease in removing food and dishes

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You are invited to see the demonstration of this revolutionary development—to compare this Frigidaire point by point with any other refrigerator. Nothing has been "cheapened." It's the same Super-Powered two-cylinder Frigidaire with the Cold Control, the waist-high shelves, the one-piece porcelain interior and many other Frigidaire conveniences. And with the low price, terms are so liberal that it is cheaper to install Frigidaire right now than to go another day without it. Frigidaire Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

SEE IT AT THE FRIGIDAIRE SHOWROOM NEAREST YOU

WARNING!

A cheap, underpowered or poorly constructed refrigerator is expensive at any price. You are cautioned against accepting such a refrigerator under the impression that you are getting a *genuine* Frigidaire with its extra power, extra food space and extra value. Unless the refrigerator you buy bears the "Frigidaire" name-plate, *it is not a genuine Frigidaire.*

Only **$112** PLUS FREIGHT

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Win a Cadillac Car or one of 44 other valuable prizes

Five fine General Motors automobiles, ten Frigidaires, ten prizes of $25 each and twenty prizes of $10 each are offered for the best sixteen word statements about Frigidaire and its "Greater Food Space"

Visit the nearest Frigidaire showroom [illegible] and then follow the simple, printed instructions. Anyone can enter except Frigidaire employees and their families. Contest ends October 15.

* *GENUINE*

FRIGIDAIRE

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Frigidaire also makes commercial equipment for Stores, Apartments, Restaurants, Hotels, and Institutions... Water Coolers... Ice Cream Cabinets... Milk Cooling Equipment... Air Conditioners

The Beret From Paris

By Sally Elliott Allen

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

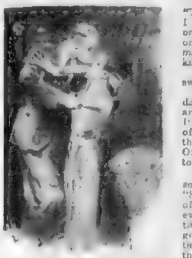
JIM CLANCY, civil engineer, is informed by Dr. Lathrop, one of his best friends, that he has had a night letter for him. The first thought of what will become of his motherless daughter, Tad, who has been his constant companion on his travels up and down the world. He has always treated her like a boy and does not realize she has developed into an independent and resourceful young woman of seventeen.

Clancy hurries back to San Francisco, hoping to place Tad in the care of an old associate of his. With someone to look after her and the business life insurance policy he has maintained, he feels that he can die in peace.

On the way, Peter Lathrop, a middle-aged doctor, falls in love with Tad. Clancy is relieved when Tad agrees to become engaged to Dr. Lathrop. A few days later Clancy is found dead from an overdose of sedative.

Tad breaks the engagement and sends Dr. Lathrop away, reminding him that she only agreed to it to please her father. She does not tell him that the insurance policy was sold by the fact that her father had committed suicide, and that she is facing the world with less than $30. For awhile she has a pretty thin time of it.

At a performance at a Chinese theatre one night, Tad strikes up an acquaintance with John Emory Fitzgerald, son of a wealthy Oregon lumberman. Fitz is just out of college and his father has given him a year to fly the coop at writing. He, too, has been having a rather thin time, making a bare living from hack writing and occasional newspaper articles.



When Fitz Started to Take Tad in His Arms, She Pushed Him Away With Vigorous, Strong Hands.

CHAPTER V.

A Rare Treat.

AT THE restaurant Fitz and Tad found an empty booth upstairs; he followed her lead and ordered an Olympia oyster stew, while she looked about at the murals with pleased eyes. She did not seem to feel it at all necessary to entertain him, but sat smiling to herself and humming softly.

"Did you like 'Water Babies,' too, when you were little?" she asked presently, without much regarding him.

He realized suddenly what she had been humming. "Of course I did. 'I once had a dear little doll, dear,' too."

She turned to glance at him appreciatively

"I say, are you pretty booky—do you read a lot?" he asked her.

"Oh, sometimes. Just now I'm reading 'The Decline of the West.' It's pretty tough meat, too, but it gives me furiously to think."

Fitz chuckled without premeditation. "The picture of your little curly top bent over Spengler! Why, I tackled him in a graduate course at the University and he nearly floored me."

She twinkled back at him without offense. "I guess my brain isn't very big. But it's fun, my brain. I like to look in it and find things. I find lots of things."

"I'll bet you do." He sobered, watching the twisted humor of her sensitive mouth and thinking of the slack or provocative Cupid's bows he was accustomed to see

"But," she went on with great seriousness, "I get awfully angry at Spengler because he's not fair to the Chinese."

"See here." He was not concealing eagerness now, as he so often did. "How come you know so much about the Chinese, anyhow? I never knew a white person to talk their lingo before."

She lifted her eyebrows. "Goodness, haven't you?" she said, with an intonation of sympathy. "Oh, I've lived in China a lot, you see. I was born just off the Chinese coast, in a tornado." The stew arrived at this moment, and she attacked hers with gusto, neglecting the conversation, but in a moment she looked up at him with a sigh "Oh dear, you have nicer table manners than I do. My father was awfully particular about me, but it's sort of hard, when they eat a different way in every country you go to, isn't it? And besides, I get careless, I know, eating alone so much."

He laughed a little, a dozen questions on his lips. "I shouldn't think you'd ever eat alone."

She laid down her spoon at that and looked at him very straight, her brows drawing together. "Now, just exactly what are you meaning by that? Anything horrid at all? Were you thinking maybe that I often pick up men-folk to eat with, like this?"

An obscure discomfort that had been gnawing at Fitz, left him. "Oh, please. I just meant that you're too good company to be left alone. See here." He leaned toward her with his nicest smile and Fitz, when he wanted to, had a very nice smile. "Would you think it frightful nerve if I asked you to tell me about yourself? I'm simply pining out with curiosity."

She opened surprised eyes. "About me? How funny! Why, there isn't much of anything to tell about me. I live in a little room up on the hill and teach swimming in a women's athletic club."

"You're a sort of working woman, then, aren't you?"

She wrinkled her nose at him. "Well, what did you think, then? Do I look like somebody who's used to sitting in the lap of luxury?"

"You seem to me I'm someone who would find manna in the wilderness." He found he meant just what he was saying.

She grinned appreciation. "That's nice. I do, too, sort of. I was born under a lucky star, only they couldn't see it very well on account of the tornado. But manna doesn't pay bills, you know."

"What else do you do beside swimming to pay bills?"

"Oh, read, and take eurhythmic dancing or whatever they call it, and snoop around this city a lot. It's a nice folksy city, with lots of variety to it. I like it better than any city I know except Paris. Of course, Peking is too different to count."

Fitz's curiosity did not for some reason feel wholly satisfied. "Say, wait a minute." His film of a supercilious manner had evaporated and his tone was entirely [illegible] simply got to tell me about yourself, that's all. Suppose you begin at the beginning."

"Why, for goodness?" They do say it was an awfully bad one."

"Oh, come now," he protested.

She scolded. "But it's so funny, your wanting to know about me. What in the world do you want to know?"

"Ancestry, education, places of residence, residence—"

"You sound like a blank for 'Who's Who.' I always had to fill in Jim's for him. Well I don't mind." She leaned her elbows on the table. "Father, James Theodore McDonald Clancy, born in Limerick, educated in [illegible] engineer at Glasgow and Massachusetts Tech. He died here in San Francisco eighteen months ago." Her eyes dropped and her finger traced the pattern of the tablecloth. Then she went on steadily "Mother, Sidonie Renee Celeste Le Feyre. She was born in Marseilles and she died fifteen years ago when I was four. She had a beautiful face. As to me, I haven't had any education at all, at all—that is, I never went to school. Jim — that's my father—taught me all the things I know on boats and trains and in hotels and pensions. But I didn't get beyond calculus and Lucretius and the French Revolution and I have to read a lot to catch up. Jim, now, was a highly educated man—oh, but a darling he was!" Her voice dropped a note and she looked up with frank tears in her eyes. "You see, for thirteen years, we were all there was to each other. I took care of him in all the little ways like clean collars and colds and the right things to eat, and he took care of me in all the big ways. It's—it's pretty lonesome without him."

Fitz wanted all at once to put his hand out and touch hers, but he only said awkwardly, after a moment, "but your other relatives and friends—?"

She shook her head, smiling again. "But you see, there aren't any, except some in-laws in southern France who don't count. We just never stopped long enough in any one place for friends. Jim was after having an itching foot anyway, and his jobs

(Continued on Page 18)

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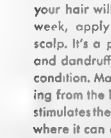
In most cases they are tell-tale indications of scalp neglect. But fortunately there is a simple means to correct them, to guard against them. Follow it and your hair will pay you back in full measure. Once a week, apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic directly to the scalp. It's a pure, cleansing Tonic that dislodges dust and dandruff, keeps the scalp and hair in the pink of condition. Massage the Tonic well into the scalp, working from the hair line up to the crown of the head. This stimulates the circulation and gets the Tonic into the pores where it can do the most good. Follow with your usual shampoo. Do this regularly, every week. It will result in a healthy scalp, a vigorous growth of hair.



RADIO TUNE IN ON 'FRIENDSHIP TOWN' EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT ON THE NBC BLUE NETWORK, 9 P. M., E. D. T.

The nearest druggist sells "Vaseline" Hair Tonic Barbers everywhere recommend and use it. Two sizes of shaker-top bottles. This is a product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State Street, New York City, N. Y.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Has a fit if she gains a pound!

Ignores sickly gums!

and she has "pink tooth brush"!

Of course you watch your weight! YOU don't intend to sit in a corner with an overstuffed figure, while some slender girl gets all the attention!

But what about your *face?* What about your *smile?* You aren't going to have a beautiful, alluring smile for very long unless your *teeth* stay sparkling white and sound! And your teeth aren't going to stay white and sound unless you pay some attention to those soft, sickly gums of yours!

Practically every bit of food you eat is soft, cooked food—far too creamy to give your gums the stimulation they *must* have. Your gums have been getting lazier and weaker with every year. Now they tend to bleed. You have "pink tooth brush."

And "pink tooth brush" dulls the teeth. Moreover, it can lead to gingivitis, pyorrhea, Vincent's disease and other serious gum troubles. It may even endanger the soundness of your teeth.

Get a tube of Ipana. Do it today. First of all, it's a fine tooth paste. And when you clean your teeth with it, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip and massage it right into your unhealthy gums.

The ziratol, the toning agent in Ipana, with the daily massage, will firm your gums. It won't be long before your teeth are whiter and brighter, and your gums harder. You can forget "pink tooth brush." And you'll be able to smile and still be alluringly beautiful!

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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ROSE: I'd hate to give up dainty undies. But mine certainly don't last long!

ANITA: Why, *mine* look new for ages. I wonder if you wash yours right?

"YOU KNOW ordinary soaps often have harmful alkali that fades colors and weakens silk—but Lux *hasn't any harmful alkali.* I always Lux underthings after every wearing—it takes out perspiration acids and odors—keeps lingerie like new! You know, anything safe in water is safe in Lux."

LUX for Underthings

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• drink Sanka Coffee - and sleep!

ARE there times when you just can't resist coffee's steaming fragrance—even though you know the penalty will be a sleepless night?

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Then swear off swearing off coffee at night! Instead, drink Sanka Coffee—real coffee with 97% of the caffein removed Drink Sanka Coffee—and your love for coffee will never cost you another wink of sleep!

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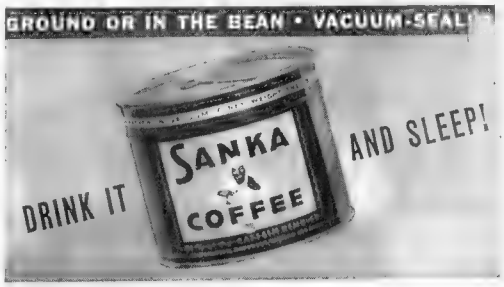
So instead of saying "No more coffee at night," make this one easy resolution: "From now on I'm going to drink Sanka Coffee—and sleep, sleep, sleep!"



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A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE • 97% CAFFEIN-FREE

The Beret From Paris

By Sally Elliott Allen

(Continued from Page 16)

took him just anywhere—oh, I couldn't begin to tell you: East Siberia and Arizona and up the Yangtze and along the Loire and into the Black Forest. "When not too long, I liked it all—you remember Kipling? Well, that was us. And we just went faster than ever when my mother died. Like you, for all—you think me flat broke Jim's heart, mal- lyonaire whatever you are. I don't blame either her nor him, and her much but I on my head and her sending me on both check and me to be then I've got hard and cheeky. That's how I come ca, Jeem." But maybe I remember that because he was always telling me about it after ward."

"You mean you're really all alone in the world?"

She nodded, a little gently through her lashes. "La vie, c'est comme ca."

Tad waved blindly within the hot He found he has to clear his throat before he could speak. "Long—"

"Sometimes." She shrugged some memory away from her. "I'm too busy most of. Oh I know lots of folks of course, but they're all awfully strong part, you see, after Jim, they aren't very—very exciting. And they don't seem to know many things somehow. I haven't met anyone for ages who—who could have 'woven white silk and moonberry shade' with me. Or laughed at my silly frizz resting over Spengler. That's why all this is such a lift to me. Really, you're rather nice, you know."

He felt something both triumph and depression. "No, no, you're the rare one." His voice was moved and honest.

Her eyes sparkled. "Well, of course, I do feel different sometimes, but the catch in it is that every poor soul does, too. So I say to myself, 'Say not that flattering unction to your soul,' see I. Why, I look at that—that very young thing that comes over from England now to learn to swim, and to put more down that rolls—oh, time at all, comes, and it's fat and stupid but one—it's—and it's fat and stupid but I—it's—it's—it's—it's—it's up. Isn't that funny? It must be an awful comfort to believe it."

Fitz shook his head at her. "You see, though," he insisted, "I'm absolutely different from everyone."

"Oh dear, I know what you mean." She shook "I'm what you call over here 'un- tandard sol.' People look at me as if I were something pe- culiar out of a zoo. I've got never I used to pretend anything, and talk—by off—from what different—ideas or clothes or anything at all. It's all my queer, Irish-French, masculine bringing up and all things re- volving. I'm thinking. Did you Par—him and cr— She dragged off the hood and ran her fingers through her dark, short curls. "It's really awfully hard to learn to wear a proper hat but I've worn the for nearly two years now and other kinds never seem to work somehow. I just couldn't get along without my beret I'll have to get to Paris to get another one some day, maybe, for this is wearing out. It's such a nice little shop where Jim bought it and Madame Bleriot and I was the best she had. 'C'est un tres ce que vous avez chez- Mon- sieur.'" She smooth- the vel- vet, a caressing smile on her lips; then abruptly- folded the tam on again and stood up. "My conscience. I ha- n't talked so much- in- to- I- hope to this- hour. What's o- clock?" she demanded.

Fitz he- tated, unsure- to do the right thing- in his- ases. "Do you mind if I stay?"

She looked at him rather sol- icitously. "Sure you won't feel it?"

He chuckled, pleased with her "No. I'm flush- out now."

"Thank goodness." She sigh- ed her relief. "I did need that four bits."

They were silent as they walked across to the foot of Market Street and they stood rather close together while they waited for a car. Fitz was try- ing hard to think of something to sugg- t to ke- p on with as he looked down at the top of her small head with the sensation that felt oddly akin to fondness.

All at once she looked up and held out her hand to him. It was small and strong and friendly in his grasp. "I hate ends." Her dark, lifted eyes were friendly, too, and without guile. "But think of all the things we haven't said, now! But —well, good-by."

And before he realized what was happening she had stepped on to a Sutter Street car that was just starting and was wav- ing to him over the head of a plump, hurried gentleman who had pushed in between them and climbed fussily on to the car be- hind her.

"But—" Fitz protested, find- ing himself waving back at her mechanically—"but wait a min- ute."

Then the car swung about the turn and he could just see the small, dark head through the car window as she moved toward a seat. He stood there, realizing that he did not know how to find her nor even her whole name, and that he was feeling unbe- hevably bereft.

He did see her again, though It was several days later.

Tad Clancy stood before the window and looked up with good- kindness at the little girl with the brave but self- dip out toward roman- tic adventure. She stepped off the curb on to the green grass of the small, friendly square, then calmly curled up on the ground between and shut her eyes.

She wasn't often tired, Tad Clancy, but today some inner pang of her spirit was suggesting and tears and crying, so need comme ca, Jeem." But maybe I remember that because he was al- ways telling me about it after ward."

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sailed seas and hunted upon hills that knew no loneliness.

Then, on a sudden, she was tinglingly awake and knew her- self lying on the grass in the [illegible] treet square with the cord d sun laying her. She lay quite still, wondering why she had waked and what it was that had drawn all the lonely ache out of her heart. There was still the taste of a good dream on her lips, but it seemed something more pungent and robust than a dream. She threw off the cape and sat up, and found herself looking straight into the nice eyes that had first met hers in the Mandarin. Thea- tre over a stanza of "The Chinese Nightingale." John Fitzgerald smiled with lazy satisfaction at her gasp of surprise. He looked remarkably settled and comfort- able, smoking peacefully and squatting on the grass near her, with an air of having been there for some time.

"Hello," he said cheerfully, "you're a grand sleeper."

"But how—?" Her eyes were still sleep-mazed, but there was no loneliness or sadness in them now.

Fitz threw away his cigarette stub and laughed into them. "I sort of figured that you'd like this square and be coming here some time, so I've been wandering over every late afternoon, since I couldn't find you or your alleged athletic club anywhere else. You didn't think I was just going to let you walk out of the picture that way, did you? Why didn't you tell me where you lived, anyhow?"

"Well," said Tad, a twinkle dancing the bewilderment out of her look, "I've been thinking you'd think me more of a lady if I let you do the picking up the second time, maybe."

"So that was it." His eyes danced back at hers. Mrs. Fitz- gerald would have found it hard to recognize her languid son with that look on his face. "Just as you like, of course." And a passing lady smiled tolerantly at the sight of a tall young man lifting a small young woman, carrying her to the side-walk, and setting her carefully down. "There you are. That's that. Now we can begin properly. May I have the pleasure of your company at dinner, Miss Clancy?"

Tad smoothed herself down with her crinkly smile. "And do you think of yourself now as a masterful man, Mr.—oh, la, la, I don't even know your name?"

"My name is John Emery Fitz- gerald, commonly called Fitz."

"Fitz?" She gleamed up at him. "Sounds too epileptic. I think I shall call you Gerry, if you don't mind."

"All set. Remember, I don't know your name, either, Miss Clancy."

She hesitated, then paid him a higher compliment than he real- ized. "Mine is Theodora Celeste, but Jim always called me Tad."

"All right, Tad. Let's go. Tired?"

Her smile had fled for a mo- ment at the sound of that name, but she shook her head at his question. "What way should I be tired after a sleep like that?"

"Let's walk over to Little Italy, then, and get some vino with our dinner. La Patria is nice and clean."

CHAPTER VI.

Happy Days.

THEY found surprising amounts to say to each other, those two. After the good, fifty-cent dinner, they sat on over the vino, served in thick coffee-cups and brought to Fitz as of habit by the fat waiter, Sandro.

For the first time since the disillusions of adolescence had fallen upon the spoiled and har- ried boy-Fitz, he found some- one to whom he could talk simply and unreservedly. At college, somehow, he had always been posing, either as the careless scion of wealth or the intelec- tual sophistrator, though in the last year, his own class-mates gone, he had sometimes had shy, groping communionships with older men. But to pose with Tad, well, he vaguely felt it wouldn't be fair to her sincerity; and he also had a healthy doubt as to whether she might not puncture the crust. So he dis- covered what a relief it was just to say boyishly, "Say, isn't that Rodin head simply great? Leads you out, sort of, doesn't it?" or to tell her about the last letter he had had that thought his story "very well written but not just the sort our readers de- mand," or that "The Singing Lyre," published in Green Val- ley, Ohio, had really printed a poem of his. "It's a pretty rot- ten poem but it looks rather nice in print, you know."

Tad's eyes shone with en- thusiasm behind her long lashes. "I'd give my left leg to be able to write poetry!" she groaned and then gurgled, "and then I would lose my job."

"Here I've been gunning on about myself the whole evening. You're the one who's really in- teresting. Why in the world did you take a job as swimming teacher, anyhow?"

"Take it? I hunted for two months before I found it. I used to go in swimming nights at the Y. W. to get sort of cleansed and freshened up after work"— she did not say that the "work" was that of chambermaid in the —hotel where Jim Clancy had died —"and I got so good that the in- structor noticed me. She said I was good enough to do some teaching myself, and I didn't like what I was doing very well, so I toured the town every other morning, going to all the tanks, till finally I caught this. It's

(Continued on Page 21)

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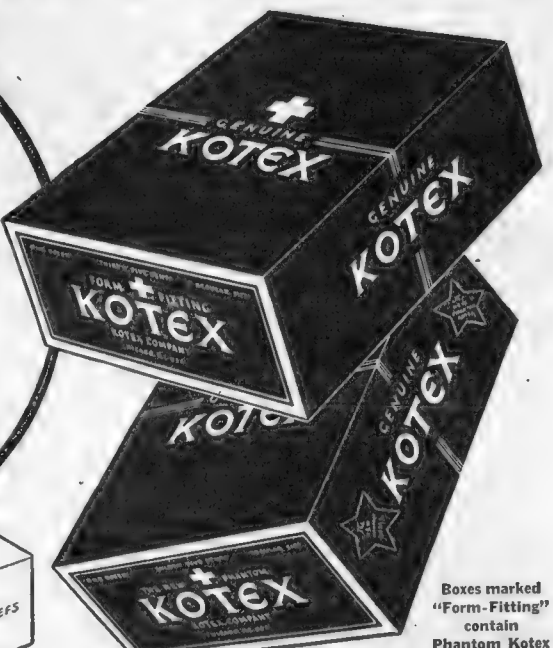

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TRUE stories of real people make this and other issues of The American Weekly of supreme human interest.

The Callater Treasure

By Roy Vickers

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

AN enormous treasure in stolen jewels and bar-gold is cached in a secret hiding place by Henry Callater, amazing English swindler, before he is sentenced to prison. The key to the location of the hoard is contained in a signet ring which Callater entrusts to his unsuspecting daughter, Aileen, with the assurance that he will escape and reclaim the ring.

Ronald Channet, Aileen's fiance, urges her to marry him at once, but she refuses to do so until the stolen jewels are restored and her father's creditors repaid.

Secretly desirous of finding the Callater treasure are Augustus Malmesbury, Callater's lawyer, whom everybody believes a crafty old fool; and Jabez Winterbourne, aged but influential art collector and amateur in crime.

Winterbourne secures the signet ring and finds the seal to be a microscopic lantern slide chart.

The art collector accomplishes Callater's escape and then stabs him, but when he takes Detective Inspector Orton of Scotland Yard to the spot, the corpse has vanished.

A series of letters and notes signed with Callater's left thumb print seem to indicate he is alive and working through the unwitting Malmesbury, but Ronald thinks the lawyer's housekeeper, Mrs. Caughway, is posing as Callater.

The probable hiding place of the treasure is near the tomb on Hangsman's Hill in the garden of Malmesbury's estate, The Laurels, where Callater was staying just before his arrest. Winterbourne finds out and purchases the estate from Malmesbury.

Aileen goes to see if, Mrs. Caughway is her father and, disappears with the housekeeper.

Winterbourne digs the stolen jewels from the garden at The Laurels, they are seized by gunmen and turned over to Scotland Yard with Callater's compliments. Through Malmesbury, the swindler notifies Ronald that to save Aileen he must sign an incriminating paper, marry Aileen, then take her to Nicaragua to live until the trouble blows over. He agrees if Aileen is willing.

Ronald figures that an artificial Midsummer's night sunset shining through the lettering on the Hangman's tomb will show the location of the gold, and has every reason to believe Winterbourne has figured the same thing and will wait until the excitement blows over then dig up the treasure. Shortly afterward Channet is taken to a house where he talks with Callater and is married to Aileen. He escapes after the ceremony, having learned that Aileen is in possession of a secret that could wreck the gang's plans. Returning to the house with the police, he finds Aileen and Callater gone.

CHAPTER XL.

A Theory Confirmed.

THE detective left his hat and stick in the entry and stepped briskly into Ronald Channet's sitting room.

"You laid it on with a trowel!" he said, glancing at the daily Record. "The Chief has decided to apply to the High Court. He was in favor of calling you as a witness to the fact that Callater has virtually admitted that the gold was there!"

"Hm! That means a little mild perjury, Orton," said Ronald. "I don't mind doing it in a good cause."

Orton shook his head.

"I told the Chief what really happened and he dropped the idea like a hot coal."

"Then the application may fail?"

"It may. That wouldn't be so bad as having it succeed on your sworn statement that you heard Callater admit that the gold was there."

"But it wouldn't matter very much—even if the gold were eventually found not to be there!" protested Ronald. "The perjury, after all, would be a pious one."

"Yes—but it might turn out to be a bit of a boomerang," said Orton enigmatically. "I just looked in to advise you to keep right out of it now." As he was going, he added over his shoulder: "I may as well tell you I'm thinking of Mrs. Channet as much as anything."

By mid-day Ronald learned that the application had been heard and refused.

"Now you're beginning to feel what we're up against in Winterbourne," said Orton, with a sort of perverted triumph. "The greater part of the country believes that there's some six million in gold in that swamp of his. He believes it himself. And he's just going to leave it there for as long as he feels inclined. He knows that civilization has no means of compelling him to dig up his estate if he doesn't want to, in order to satisfy public curiosity, which is all the evidence amounts to. Moreover, if a committee of Callater's dupes, who want their money, start a raiding party, Winterbourne will call in the police to protect his property from outrage."

The result of it all was deadlock. For three days public indignation swelled and surged. Deputations waited on the Home Secretary and were told that their views would be given very earnest consideration but that, with the law in its present stage, it was impossible for him to do anything. He would consult with his colleagues as to the possibility of introducing a bill in the next session.

Then the deadlock was suddenly broken.

Once more the Record announced a letter from Callater. It was so important that it was authenticated with his thumb-print, though he had announced his intention of abandoning this practice.

Ronald read it with something approaching stupefaction.

"Dear Sir, I make no apology for once more trespassing upon your space.

"The race is nearly run. As to who can claim to be the victor, posterity alone can decide.

"In my last letter I spoke of the goods, the proceeds of burglaries which I had bought and have caused to be returned to the original owners through the agency of my solicitor, Mr. Malmesbury. This has been done to my satisfaction and I understand that nearly one half of the items in my list have already been claimed and restored to their original owners. In that letter I said that, in regard to the gold, the next move would not be with me.

"It must have been plain to the meanest intelligence that I meant the next move would be with the Authorities, in the direction of accepting my terms. I did not mean that the next move would be with Mr. Jabez Winterbourne.

"Mr. Winterbourne has publicly stated that his workmen dug my bullion from the ground—that he found it in the same pit in which he found the burgled goods. Aware as I am that you, sir, have to consider the laws of libel, I will only say that I fear that in the darkness and confusion Mr. Winterbourne must have been mistaken.

"As I do not wish Mr. Winterbourne to reap where I have sown, I have decided that the time has come to make known the exact whereabouts of the Callater treasure as it is popularly called.

"I cannot, I fear, make a sensational revelation—because the situation of the gold is already known to many. In a word, Mr. Ronald Channet, my son-in-law, has already discovered the hiding place. Further, he is correct in supposing that, by a simple mathematical calculation, I was able to reproduce the angle of a sunset with powerful lights. Unfortunately, I destroyed the lamps and the brackets, which were mathematically correct to the thousandth part of an inch. But any skilled workman who is given the necessary formulæ, which any astronomer can work out, could remake the plant in a few hours.

"It is obvious that Mr. Winterbourne has found the particular weakness of the law that will allow him to leave the treasure undisturbed until it suits his convenience to remove it. Sooner than allowing that to happen I will abandon my attempt to bargain for my own liberty. This letter, sir, will, I think, be sufficient proof to enable Scotland Yard to obtain the necessary order.

"In a few days every man I have robbed will have been repaid, but I myself shall remain an outcast. Is this British justice? I am, sir, yours faithfully, Henry Callater."

Ronald dropped the paper and sprang from his chair.

"By Heaven! He has dished Winterbourne—and Malmesbury. The conspiracy is a washout. And Nicaragua. Aileen will probably turn up at any minute."

It was, on the whole, a very reasonable deduction—based on the facts that were then available.

Human nature being what it is, some excuse may perhaps be found for Ronald Channet's instant determination to go and seek out Malmesbury—and shortly. To crow over him in defeat. To rub in the fact that Callater, his subordinate, had taken the bit between his teeth and bolted with Malmesbury's chance of a share in the bullion.

With the Daily Record in his hand he took the stairs to the upper floor two at a time.

"Hullo, Malmesbury! Seen the Record?"

"Good-morning, my dear Channet. No, I have not seen the Record. As I advance in years I find that the Daily Record is less and less suited to my temperament."

"Well, I have it here. Perhaps you'd like to have a squint at Callater's letter."

Ronald had hoped his words would prove a bomb-shell but they were obviously turning out a damp squib.

"The Record indeed!" said Malmesbury sadly. "Callater wrote me that he was making his disclosure not only to me but also to the Press. How very revealing! To you and me, Channet, the Press means a more conservative newspaper. To people Callater it means nothing else than the Daily Record."

It was becoming increasingly difficult, thought Ronald, to chortle.

"Rather a tame ending to it all, don't you think?" he remarked. "We've had this tremendous campaign, midnight raids, abduction and one thing and another. And now Callater simply throws up the sponge."

"No doubt it appears so," said Malmesbury. "But I confess, Channet, that I had not looked upon this dreadful affair in the light of a sporting event. I do feel no other emotion than that of gratitude. At the last, Callater has shown me a certain consideration for which I was never made it clear that I was not in his confidence, as many suspected."

For a moment Ronald thought it over.

"Yes. I suppose it will help to put you right with the public. That, after all, did not matter to him. "Anyhow, it puts the lid on the Nicaragua stunt."

Malmesbury put his head on one side like a thoughtful parrot.

"My dear fellow, I can only say that I devoutly hope so. As a matter of fact, Callater did not mention his daughter, or yourself, in his letter to me."

There was something just a little ominous in the other's tone.

"But blame it all, the stunt whatever it was, is at an end. Callater has given up the gold—unless that letter was a fake. There's no reason whatever why she shouldn't turn up today."

"None whatever," agreed Malmesbury, "unless, indeed, she has already started for—Nicaragua."

Ronald began to wish that he had not come for the purpose of crowing over Malmesbury. There was no means of putting pressure on him.

"Is it not amazing," mouthed Malmsbury, as he held the door open, "that the fine weather is still unbroken?"

Ronald returned to his flat a prey to new anxiety.

"Callater must have decided to blow his own gaff last night—or that letter couldn't have been in this morning's paper. Well, if he threw up the sponge last night, why hasn't Aileen wired me, saying where she is, if it's a long way off?"

Then came the grim thought—"Perhaps it was Aileen herself who forced Callater to throw in his hand. And perhaps out of revenge—or on the chance of stopping her——"

He began to hope rather desperately that she really was on her way to Nicaragua—in some filthy ocean tramp that carried no wireless.

As the day wore on with no signs of her it seemed the safest thing to hope.

CHAPTER XLI.

The Treasure.

HIS worst enemy could not have accused Jabez Winterbourne of small mindedness.

"Dear Sir," read his letter to the Chief Superintendent, "I am aware that the letter bearing Callater's thumb-print and published in the Daily Record today will enable you to obtain the search warrant you recently sought without success. I will therefore save you the trouble, if you still wish to tear up my estate, and hereby give you permission to do so.

"It is perhaps an impertinence on my part to point out that these operations must inevitably result in a more waste of public money. I should explain that there has recently come into my hands evidence that Callater's bullion was in the City of London on the day before he left The Laurels. He therefore had but a single night in which to conceal it, if indeed he concealed it at all before he launch. The nature of the task is such that he would not have employed a confederate.

"This fact, of course, establishes that I was myself mistaken in supposing that the gold could have been dug up by my men. It would have been impossible for Callater to bury it in the time at his disposal. It would have been equally impossible for him to drop it into the well. A gold bar weighs, I believe, four hundred ounces. There would, therefore, be over eight hundred gold bars in Callater's treasure—a gross weight of some two hundred and twelve hundred-weight. Callater was 63 years old at the time and in poor health. Yet we must believe that in a single night, and with his own hand, he conveyed more than ten tons of metal from trucks to a well.

"However, I have little hope that these reflections will deter you from throwing a sop to vulgar curiosity.

"I am, yours faithfully, "Jabez Winterbourne."

"What do you think of that, Orton?" asked the Chief as he passed it over.

"I think it's rather feeble, sir."

"Feeble, eh! It strikes me as rather forceful. You wouldn't care to shift ten tons yourself in dollops of four hundred ounces."

"I'll admit I'd find it a bit of a job, sir, even if I had Mr. Winterbourne to help me, as Callater may well have had for all we know."

The Chief looked thoughtful for a moment and then:

"Anyhow, I shall send a technical staff down right away. I'd like you to take charge."

Orton left immediately, travelling alone in an official car, arriving through the crowd that had already begun to assemble round The Laurels at about midday. The crowd, he guessed, would probably increase as the day wore on, and he gave strict orders to the sergeant of the local police to keep the ground clear.

He took no notice of the Hangman's tomb, but searched immediately for the marsh, which presently he found.

"I fancy we shall be able to manage without the astronomer," he told himself. "The whole marsh isn't any bigger than a small London square. If there's a well there, the men ought to be able to find it."

An hour later a truck turned up with half a dozen workmen and a foreman, with innumerable gadgets, most important of which at this stage were probably a large number of straw mats. The men were provided with rubber boots and began to pace out the marsh. Progress seemed slow. At the end of half an hour they had discovered that part of the marsh gave a firm foothold and part did not.

"There's a firm strip runs right through it," the foreman explained. "It might almost be the remains of an old road."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Gain a Year in the Garden

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

A SUMMER spent in Holland and England has but one result—to make the traveler "garden-conscious" as never before! Even if one were not particularly enthusiastic about flowers or effective landscapes, it is impossible to overlook the charm added to the general outlines of city, street, cottage, or castle, by a fundamental, national delight in flowers and gardening.

True, alas, these countries have a start of several hundred years over their young cousin, Miss America. So much the more reason, then, that we should do everything possible to catch up.

That there has been a tremendous, increasing interest in beautifying both home and civic grounds is due in large measure to the awakened interest of women, in such groups as, for example, the excellent "Garden Clubs." But we need more interest. Beauty pays, as these countries have found only too well, when they can attract visitors almost solely by selling them color and scenery! But beauty pays dividends, too, of health, pleasure, alertness in a hobby, wise use of leisure time, to say nothing of increasing realty values. The person busy in and loving a garden is not likely to be found restless or neurotic, or running away from home, or making mischief on the streets.

Let us look at some of the interesting ways in which the old world uses its gardens to help its citizens. First, and most striking, perhaps, is the extensive use of garden spots within a city, or within a radius of brick apartments. In the newer portion of Amsterdam, where the extent of brick apartment houses are set on reclaimed sand, they are all so built that a circular or winding or square flower arrangement is an integral part of the houses. Possibly the houses are set around an open central square, then the square presents a mass of bloom, most pleasing to the passerby. An auto trip of over an hour in this section left one never a moment without some flowers, some planned garden space as relief for the stolid efficiency and comfort of the apartments.

Or, in the more fashionable section of The Hague, where the apartments are of extremely modern construction, each balcony, or terrace is a mass of bloom—geraniums red and petunias blue, and every color beside. Really, in a joking test or count taken on such a trip, there were only three houses out of fifty which did not have garden boxes profusely in bloom on their porches or verandas.

Again, outside of most cities, in a waste section, the city has granted certain lots to its people, such lots to be used for garden or vegetable growing. Passing one extensive territory just outside of Amsterdam and on the way to the quaint town of Haarlem, home of tulips, one sees hundreds of small plots, many with practical vegetables, others a wild riot of roses or gladiola.

Here, after work hours and on Saturdays and other holidays, come the train crossing watchman, the small clerk, the cobbler, the mechanic's son or small daughter. Even though they may have no plot of ground to their own living quarters, here they have a garden all their own which they can turn to both profit and pleasure. They have small tool sheds, sometimes a table and chairs for Summer eating—a tiny but happy spot to make beautiful.

Many Holland gardens of the simpler type are set at the back of the house, not only for privacy but to gain the use of the encircling brick wall which usually sets apart each house from its neighbor in a row. And against these brick walls are grown the berries, the peaches, or pears, or special roses and clematis which use the walls as a trellis and also as a source of heat! For in a cold or chillier climate, a garden needs protection from winds and sleets.

Thus the purpose of the high wall, in both Holland and England, walls where the writer picked nasturtiums two inches across, nectarines of delicious flavor, and saw pears just coming into their red perfection. While in many parts of our own country such walls are neither required nor liked, the use of a low wall around the garden is desirable as a "wind-break" and the wall may be of trees as well as of brick or stone.

Leaving Holland and its Summer roses, one crosses to England only to find the roses of Devon still larger, still more fragrant and gorgeous. How do they do it? The climate of course, damp and never too hot, and fogs to water the garden for you. But also by keeping at it, by making a garden something as important as the house, if not more so.

I have watched building in a new suburban development in England and there, around the foundation of the new and incompleted residence, where we would leave heaps of cement and debris and allow the garden, if there were one, to happen in any old manner, the partially built house is already set and spaced, and the garden provided for. That is, the space for the garden is all staked out, all dug even, and the relation of the garden to the house made an integral part of the building operations.

In many cases the garden is partially planted before the house is built—how different from our habit of leaving foundation debris which makes the later job much more difficult! There are firms in England who will build the garden, and plant it, build the house in relation to the garden, and then furnish the house with everything from a teaspoon to a stove!

Quite contrary to the practice in Holland, the small "handkerchief" gardens of England's lower classes are often placed in the front of the house, a few feet debouch out and over the roadway. The cottage, possibly with thatched roof, is set back some 50 or 100 or more feet from the high hedge or earthen wall which separates the farms or land, and in its front is the "cottage garden" blooming and gay. Roses, hollyhocks, begonias such as we never see, delphiniums blue as lapis and higher than the eight-foot wall. The garden holds the house to the land—and makes beauty even out of cracked plaster walls, and somewhat dingy interiors.

And walls in England have "pockets" in them—small recesses where anything may grow, but which are often planted with trailing sedum, or which a fern or a mauve foxglove may have rooted into. On the top of the wall grow lavender, and small bulbs, maybe, and other short plants which fall down over the wall, and enhance its loveliness.

I recall standing waiting for a bus to take me to another town, and there, on the very plain village street, in front of me was a wall, and hanging from it were streamers of some blue tender plant, and above were rock and roses and near it was a red, red fuchsia tree! Waiting for a bus became a romantic interlude!

You may we too have our beautiful gardens. We do, and many of them are of surpassing beauty. But usually they belong to somebody with much money, who can have Gardener No. 1 and Gardener No. 2 to tend them. What I am making a plea for, is the common garden, the simple, small well-tended plot, the substitution of a garden bed instead of a pile of tin cans. Stations, and waste land, and ugly railroad arches or banks, the 25-foot plot often so "seedy" at back—these can be made into beauty spots too. That is why I say, "gain a year in the garden," and consider planting for Autumn now. Many many plants, shrubs and roses, do better if Fall-planted when they can get a start and have considerable growth before cold weather.

Roses, flowering shrubs, and above all the bulbs, must be planted at once. Gain a garden year by making many plantings now. Let the bulb catalog be your best friend for the next month at least! Not everyone knows that many of the choicest lilies grow almost as easily as dandelions, and once established, grow on and on, giving no care whatever. Any catalog will list them, but include without fail the Lilium auratum, candidum, speciosum rubrum and the beautiful regale.

Many of the best hardy perennials should be planted at once, among them some of the aconites, aquilegia, foxglove or digitalis, hibiscus or mallow, and the ever lovely bleeding heart. Not only crocus, which does not last very long, but other small bulb flowers must be set in place now for Spring blooming. Plant in clumps or in a loose triangle, circle or square such as these: Scilla or blue squill, grape hyacinths, anemone, chionodoxa, giant snowdrops and the orange montbretia.

Bulbs grow anywhere, and once established, in a light sandy soil, there is nothing to do but forget them and enjoy them! Perennials, once established, also simply "keep growing," and year after year yield their blooms and perfume and charm of form in even the humblest yard or backdoor garden. Never were prices lower, and "buys" so remarkable in all garden materials. Plan now and gain a garden year toward the loveliness which may be yours.

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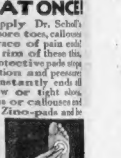
The minute you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads to corns, sore toes, callous or bunions, every trace of pain ends! The three ply outer rims of these thin, soothing, healing, protective pads stop the cause—shoe friction and pressure; prevents blisters; instantly ends all discomfort from new or tight shoes. Don't cut your corns or callouses and risk infection. Use Zino-pads and be SAFE.

Ends Corns in 48 Hours!

Separate Medicated Disks for use in conjunction with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads to quickly, safely remove corns and callouses, are now included at no extra cost. Get a box at your drug or shoe store today. Made by the makers of Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports and Foot Remedies for all foot troubles.



Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

By "Kiki"—Queen of the Paris Artists' Studios

(Continued from Double Page)

and silken cushions of his vast atelier in the Rue d'Enfer.

My poverty prevented me from renting the poorest sort of room, and when I could not find an artist who would allow me to stay in his studio I was obliged to tramp the streets all night or sleep on benches and in doorways. Oh, the hunger, the cold, the fatigue, and at times the irresistible longing to quit this Bohemia, bounded on all sides by necessity—to be finished with existence, to disappear in the dark, silent Seine that has brought peace to thousands of suffering young girls.

Once I had the good fortune to fall in with a lad of well-to-do family, who delighted to hobnob with the painters of Montparnasse. He loaned me his overcoat and showed me the shed behind the Montparnasse railway station where his uncle, a plasterer, kept his sacks of sand. This shed served as my lodgings for several weeks, the young man coming to get his overcoat each morning at eight o'clock on his way to work.

But how do models drift into the Bohemian life of Paris. Paris art colony? you may ask. Well, I know how I happened to be a model, and the experience of many other girls was much the same.

I was born on a farm near Dijon—the city famous for its mustard and full-bodied wines—and like the girl foundling in Eugene Sue's romance, grew up "thin as a nail and swarthy as a toad." Before I was five my father deserted my mother to marry a land-owner's daughter with a dowry of $100 and a pig! Broken-hearted, my mother went to Paris to hide her grief and shame, leaving me with her mother, who already had in charge six other *enfants d'amour.*" Evidently, wedding anniversaries were not much celebrated among our relatives.

Grandma was working for a living, while grandpa earned 30 cents a day as a road laborer. Yet, in spite of poverty, we youngsters were happy as larks. Each morning, after pronouncing a blessing on our heads and providing us with two or three baskets, grandma bade us go out and forage in the fields. When we returned laden with apples and vegetables filched from neighboring gardens and orchards, she gave us words of encouragement and a hearty meal. However, my conscience was not clear, and I trembled whenever a gendarme passed the house.

Sometimes I stole coal and firewood from my father, who lived nearby in a big farm house with his new bride. But he said nothing, knowing how wretchedly poor we were. Once he took me in his cart to the forest, where I watched him cut wood. When I came back and told grandma of my adventure, she told me never to go with him again, frightening me by saying that he was seeking an opportunity to get rid of me, that I troubled his life and filled his soul with remorse. The peasants declared he still loved my mother, and well he might, for she was beautiful as the day. Every year she came to visit me from Paris, and never forgot to bring me a pretty dress or pair of shoes.

After I had reached the age of 12, mother wrote to grandma saying she had married, and asking her to send me to Paris, as she wanted me to go to school. Grandma accompanied me as far as Troyes, leaving me there with the stationmaster, who put me in a first-class coach and commended me to the good graces of a proud-looking lady. During the journey to Paris, she appeared greatly disturbed by my tears, but what vexed her most was the garlic sausage in my lunch basket that perfumed the whole car. Mother met me at the Gare de Lyon, and my first question on seeing Paris was whether the streets were polished with wax, they shone so brightly.

I was now introduced to my stepfather, tall and thin as a lamppost, who sported mustaches like Kaiser Wilhelm, a high collar, funeral garments and pointed shoes. He disliked my country manners and did his best to educate me. For a year I attended school, distinguishing myself in all the rough-and-tumble games of the boys. At thirteen, I was compelled to relinquish my "studies" for stepfather had died and mother needed me to help keep the wolf from the door.

As she hardly had francs enough for food and rent, to buy new clothes was out of the question. So we watched at night from behind the window-shutters, and after the lodgers in the flat had emptied their rubbish-boxes in the court, ran out to see if there was anything we could wear. I remember how glad I was one day to find a pair of shoes. They reached to my knees—it was the style then—but were much too large. Still, I was able to wear them after mother had stuffed the toes with cotton and wrapped newspapers around my calves.

Sundays we visited friends in the old Rue Mouffetard. There were eight in this family and they loved to get together in a tiny room, crawling about like so many crabs in a basket. With Lolo and Zizi, the youngest members of the household, I would go out in the street and sell flowers—to the great displeasure of the garlic-venders, our strongest competitors. The pennies I gained were spent on combs, curl-papers and perfume at the Flea Market close at hand, a noted sidewalk fair at the Porte d'Italie.

This popular institution is supposed to have earned its name because the objects offered for sale were often spotted by fleas. It was a very ancient affair, and nobody could remember when it began. It was an unofficial market occupying the edge of the sidewalk, and drew many customers, especially on Sundays and holidays, because the articles displayed were so cheap, some as low as a sou—one cent.

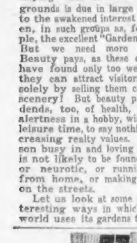
What a vain young thing I was in those days! I used to sew pink ribbons on my corset, and rouge my cheeks and lips with the artificial geraniums that adorned the mantel-piece in my mother's room. Because I blackened my eyebrows with a burnt match, I lost my first job at a bakery. And I was delighted to pad the bosom of my dress with rags to appear like a grown-up woman. In this respect I resembled the owner of a little bar in the Rue Poinset, Mme. Roberts, who owed the opulent charms of her bust to the toy balloons she tucked under her jersey.

On my weekly excursion to the Flea Market I found a lover, Dede by name. He was twenty years old, tall, blond and extremely wicked-looking. Dede lived on the earnings of his wife, being too proud to work himself, and boasted he had been in prison for robbery. I regarded him as a hero. He belonged to that vanishing race of bullies celebrated in the songs of Bruant and in Charles-Louis Philippe's novel of "Bubu-de-Montparnasse." Our romance did not last long, however, ending abruptly when Dede was thrown into jail.

But work, not love, is the law of the world. "Life has no other meaning, no other 'raison d'etre?'" observes Zola. "We appear but to perform our allotted task and to disappear." After being discharged from my first position in a bake-shop, because I tried to make up like an actress, I worked in a box factory, bookbindery, shoe establishment and ammunition plant, and then as scullery maid, lampmaker and bottle washer.

I have already told how I made my debut in the realm of art shortly after my sixteenth birthday, and my mother's discovery of her venturesome daughter in an artist's studio clad in my birthday suit. As that discovery ended my relations with my home, and as there seemed to be room for me in the Paris Latin Quarter, there began the quest of life in the studios which I will describe further next Sunday.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.



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*Name on Request. St. Louis, Mo.

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Savory Pork Dishes

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Pork with Cabbage.

BOIL a piece of pork 1½ or 2 hours. Cook 4 carrots, 3 or 4 parsnips and 1 small red cabbage with the pork until they are soft. Remove vegetables and set on back of stove. Finish cooking the pork. Cut the pork into thin slices. Place on a large serving platter and surround with the vegetables.

Sausage and Potatoes.

SLICE 2 quarts of potatoes. Sprinkle with flour, salt and paprika. Arrange in a greased baking dish alternating with 1 pound sausage meat. Add milk to cover and bake in a slow oven 2 or 3 hours.

Sausage and Apples.

PARE and core small tart apples. Boil in sugar syrup until almost clear. Prick sausage with fork and boil 10 or 15 minutes. Drain and fry until well browned. Arrange on platter with a border of the apples.

Devilled Pork Chops.

MIX 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon chili sauce, 1 tablespoon walnut catsup, ¾ tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, ½ teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper and a dash of cayenne. Pan broil 6 or 8 choice pork chops, score with sharp knife and place them in a baking pan. Pour the prepared mixture over them and bake in a hot oven, or at about 400 degrees, for 40 or 50 minutes or until the chops are tender. Have a mound of mashed white or sweet potatoes in the center of serving dish and arrange the chops around the potatoes. Garnish with crisp parsley.

Crown Roast of Pork.

HAVE your butcher trim the meat as for crown of lamb. With clean twine or skewers secure the meat in a circle, having the bones on the outside. Sprinkle with salt and season to taste with a bit of sage. Roast in a covered roaster for about 30 minutes in a very hot oven, or at about 500 degrees. Reduce heat and finish cooking in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees. Allow about ½ hour to each pound. Garnish with glazed apples.

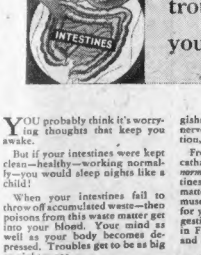
Mock Roast Chicken.

SPLIT 4 pork tenderloins and lay them in a baking pan. Spread with bread stuffing. Tie with clean twine or skewer in shape. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, add a scant cup of boiling water and bake in a hot oven, or at about 400 degrees, for 1 hour or until tender. Serve with gravy made from drippings in the pan. To make the stuffing: Mix 2 cups dry bread crumbs, ¼ cup hot water, 1 slightly beaten egg, 1 tablespoon onion juice, a little celery salt, ½ teaspoon sage, ½ teaspoon minced parsley and pepper to taste and ¼ cup melted butter. Beat well.

Roast Spareribs of Pork.

TRIM ends of bones neatly, crack them across the middle and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cover the meat with greased paper and bake until half done. Remove the paper and sprinkle with flour. Continue cooking 15 minutes and baste with butter or drippings. Bake until tender, basting every 10 or 15 minutes. Just before serving sprinkle with bread seasoned to taste and brown in oven. Serve with gravy made from drippings in the pan.

If you can't SLEEP—



Doctors say the trouble may be in your INTESTINES!

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YOU probably think it's worrying thoughts that keep you awake.

But if your intestines were kept clean—healthy—working normally—you would sleep nights like a child!

When your intestines fail to throw off accumulated waste—the poisons from this waste matter get into your blood. Your mind as well as your body becomes depressed. Troubles get to be as big as nightmares.

But the thing you need isn't psychoanalysis—it's yeast!

Fresh yeast—*Fleischmann's* Yeast—an astonishing corrective food—is now recognized by leading physicians all over the world as the best corrective for intestinal sluggishness and the sleeplessness, nervousness, headaches, indigestion, etc., that result from it.

Fresh yeast does what drugs and cathartics *can't do*—restores the *normal* activity of "tired" intestines. It softens your body's waste matter, strengthens the intestinal muscles. People who have suffered for years from constipation, indigestion and insomnia have found in Fleischmann's Yeast complete and natural relief.

Begin today to eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly—3 times every day. Each cake, you know, is rich in vitamins B and G, and the "sunshine" vitamin D. At grocers, restaurants, and soda fountains. Directions are on the label.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a Health Food

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Food thousands eat—3 Cakes a Day

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Japanese Oil Saved It

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The Beret From Paris

By Sally Elliott Allen

(Continued from Page 18)

rather nice and keeps me awfully fit. Jim was always particular about my keeping fit. Not too long hours, and mornings and all day Thursday free."

"Got a date tonight?"

"You," said Tad, crinkling her eyes at him.

They spent the evening walking along the Embarcadero, and Tad told him about her years in China, and he read her his latest sonnet in the head-light of a parked automobile, and they ended in the Oyster Grotto. When they had finished their Olympia stew, Tad leaned her elbows on the table and her chin on her hands and looked at him with great seriousness.

"Well," she said on a note of intense surprise, "I feel as if I'd known you since I wore bibs. It's the funniest thing!"

And Fitz, meeting her candid eyes, felt a warm surge of feeling such as he had never known—tenderness, longing, exultation. He actually found tears in his eyes, and he hastened to get out the cigarettes.

"Thank Heaven I'd broken my lighter and hadn't a match that day at the Mandarin."

"You bothered me so, fumbling all about yourself trying to find one," Tad laughed. "I just couldn't stand your having to do it all over again."

It was rather a wonderful Summer and Autumn for these two. For the first time in Tad's varied life, she had a person her own age for a constant companion. Youth answered youth in wayward ecstasies and energies and excitements. They argued or compounded or agreed over French dinners served family style or chow mein. And always, beneath the shared fun and enthusiasms, lay a magic warmth that Tad did not define; that, unlike Tad, she refused even to acknowledge.

Only, one day as they started down the steep hill to the women's athletic club, Fitz, making some trifling remark, turned to look at her, and she stopped in her tracks, and stared up at him with puckered brows. "Why, Gerry," she said in surprise, "I never noticed it before, but you have eyes like Jim's!"

"Well, the Fitzgeralds are Scotch-Irish, too, you know," said Fitz, smiling at her.

"Scotch-Irish, is it?"

Then suddenly, out of a far distant past, Tad heard her own laughing voice saying, "Father—fixation. Oh, is, is, Jim!"

A wave of painful color flooded her face up to the curls on her forehead and, turning, she dashed down the hill and into the club, beyond whose sacred portals a man might not pass, without even saying good-by. Fitz was very peevish about it the next morning, but she would not explain.

Perhaps it was Fitz's undoubted gift that captured Tad most completely at first. The French in her and her father's cultivated taste had made her a lover of beauty wherever she found it, and one who was able to create it seemed to her a real child of the gods. She would sit with her back against a live-oak while Fitz, stretched out at her feet, read her his well-spun little stories or his really imaginative verse, and gaze at his blond head with something nearer to awe than she had ever granted any human being.

"My conscience, Gerry, how do you do it, how do you think of it. That line, now——" and she would say it over so understandingly and with her soft, clear voice so full of adoring appreciation, that Fitz would glow with certainty that he would really some day write masterpieces.

As a matter of fact, he wrote much better than he ever had before. The despised "ad dope" had given him a new facility, his new independence had set his mind to work, and in the sun of Tad's admiration all the shy flowers of his fancy came pushing out. His mother had given him uncritical praise and been really uninterested in his work; Elaine's interest had been for him only, too, and at that, masked with irony; and the carefully guarded approbation of his professors had not been very stimulating. Tad always encouraged, but not without discrimination; and a new selfconfidence that did not need to be bolstered up with defiance, grew up under her warming approval.

"Do you know, I think this is really the best thing I've done yet," he would exult, and she would laugh at him affectionately.

"You know you always say that every time, and the jolly thing about it is that it's always true. You'll work on that 'Lodestar' poem tonight and read it to me Thursday, won't you? I just can't wait to hear it. Now, you rewrite the end of that story, and I'll go down the hill to where it's level and practice 'surging' for that dancing teacher of mine. She's a glutton for 'surging' and my swimming sort of keeps my muscles tight. Me, I shall be an artiste some day myself. I made up a perfectly grand dance out of the way sampans ride the waves."

It was not all happy or easy, though. Tad discovered that Fitz could be a wilful and unmanageable creature; and Tad, for all her gentleness and patience, had an inner core of firmness he could not bend. When he bothered her and endangered her job by calling her up too frequently at the club, for example, she finally refused to go to the telephone at all; and for nearly a week she did not hear from him or see him. Then he came to her with some red beads bought in Chinatown, and abject apologies. The look of puzzled pain in her eyes while she listened, hurt him, and he broke off to say abruptly, "You do forgive me, Tad?"

"Why, of course, Gerry, but it was a pretty rotten way to act," she answered simply, and he didn't quite like it.

One night, down on the beach in the moonlight, he put his arm about her, and she moved so that her curls lay against his cheek and sat quite still; and when, presently, he stooped to her, she lifted her face simply and gave him her soft lips. But when, in front of her door that night, he started to take her in his arms, she pushed him away with vigorous, small hands.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily as an astringent.

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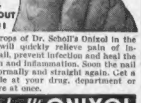

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Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit. Scrambled Eggs with Minced Bacon. Corn Muffins. Coffee.	Fruit. Hot Cereal. French Toast. Coffee.	Fruit. Creamed Chipped Beef on Waffles. Coffee.	Fruit. Soft Cooked Eggs. Rolls. Coffee.	Fruit. Cereal. Plain Omelet. Ice Box Graham Rolls. Coffee.	Fruit. Cereal. Butter Buns. Coffee.	Fruit. Cereal. Pancakes. Broiled Bacon. Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Whole Wheat, Chopped Egg and Minced Pepper Sandwiches. Apple Trifle, iced or Hot Tea.	Sausage with Potatoes. Mixed Fruit Salad. Ice Box Rolls. Iced Tea.	Whole Wheat Gluten Bread with Tomatoes and Cream Cheese. Doughnuts. Iced Cocoa.	Nut Bread with Pimento and Olive Sandwiches. Cup Cakes with Golden Sauce. Iced or Hot Cocoa.	Oyster Soup. Crackers. Celery. Orange and Grapefruit Salad. Coffee.	Bran Bread. Peanut Butter and Chili Sauce Sandwiches. Pineapple and Nut Bread Sandwiches. Fruit Punch.	Casserole of Duck and Mushrooms. Rice. Stuffed Peppers. Green Bouquet Salad. French Dressing.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	Baked Apple Dumpling with Lemon Sauce.
Lima Juice Cocktail. Pot Roast of Beef with Hashed Brown Potatoes or Spaghetti. Buttered Green Vegetable. Hot Butterscotch Shortcake.	Meat Shortcake with Carrots and Peas (Left-Overs). Spiced Beets. Lemon Marshmallow Roll.	Deviled Pork Chops. Mashed Potatoes or Noodles. Buttered Broccoli. Shredded Lettuce with French Dressing. Fruit Compote.	Broiled Fish Loaf. Tomato Sauce. Riced Potatoes or Macaroni. Buttered Spinach or Beans. Pineapple Sponge. Drop Cookies.	Broiled Beef Balls. Brown Gravy. Grilled Sweet Potatoes. Green Vegetable. Tomato Salad. Marshmallow Chocolate Pudding.		*Supper* Emergency Salad (Left-Overs). Toasted Sandwiches. Jelly Jumbles.

American Weekly Patterns

If you desire a copy of our NEW FALL BOOK OF FASHIONS, containing designs of Ladies', Misses', and Children's Patterns, also Hints to the Home Dressmaker, send 10 cents in coin to AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS, 11 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A SLENDERIZING MODEL (7656). Designed in 8 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. Size 46 if made with the capelet will require 6¼ yards of 39-inch material. Without the capelet it will require 5⅞ yards.

A SIMPLE FROCK FOR THE GROWING GIRL (7666). Designed in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 will require 2⅝ yards of 35-inch material. Without capelet, 2 yards will be required.

A CHIC STYLE FOR SLENDER FIGURES (7663). Designed in 5 sizes: 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19, with corresponding bust measure 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches. Size 15 if made as in the large view will require 4¼ yards of 35-inch material. If made without bolero and with puff sleeves it will require 3⅝ yards.

A NEW COSTUME SLIP (7661). Designed in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. Size medium will require 3¼ yards of 35-inch material. To finish with edging requires 3½ yards.

A COMFORTABLE COAT FOR A LITTLE MISS (7642). Designed in 5 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 6 will require 1⅞ yards of 54-inch material. To line the coat will require 3⅝ yards of 35-inch material.

GIRL'S DRESS (7041). Designed in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. An 8-year size requires 1⅝ yards of 35-inch material for the blouse and 1 yard for the skirt. With short sleeves in the blouse the quantity of material will be ¼ yard less. To finish the blouse with bias binding requires 2½ yards 1½ inches wide.

BOY'S SUIT (7674). Designed in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yards of 35-inch material if made with short sleeves. With long sleeves, 2 yards.

To obtain any two of these desirable patterns, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail with 25 cents in coin (SEAL ENVELOPE FLAP SECURELY ON ALL EDGES), to AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS, 11 STERLING PLACE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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I JUST GOT THIS FRENCH ECRU RIT TO TINT MY OWN CURTAINS. YOU TAKE IT AND I'LL GET MORE.
MY DEAR, THIS IS WONDERFUL! IT DISSOLVES SO QUICKLY AND NOT A SPECK TO LEAVE STREAKS OR SPOTS.
NOW, THEY'RE THE REAL FRENCH ECRU SHADE THAT INTERIOR DECORATORS USE.
WON'T I SURPRISE FRED, THOUGH? HE SURELY WILL THINK THEY'RE NEW. YOU'RE A PEACH FOR HELPING ME OUT, DEAR.
YOU'LL WANT YOUR HOUSE FRESH LOOKING AS WELL AS CLEAN—AND RIT IS ALL YOU NEED. FRENCH ECRU RIT WILL LAST 20 WASHINGS—100 DAYS OF SUNSHINE. I'VE DISCOVERED THAT NEW INSTANT RIT IS THE QUICKEST AND MOST ECONOMICAL WAY TO TINT CHAIR COVERS AND LINENS AS WELL AS CURTAINS.
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Good News for New Mothers and

EXPECTANT MOTHERS

about their babies and themselves

THE Mennen Company is proud to announce what it considers one of the greatest advances in baby welfare—an oil which fills so vital a need that within a few months it has been adopted by hundreds of maternity hospitals.

This oil—Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil—protects babies as they have never been protected before. Used for the daily oil-rub, it gives the baby's entire body a covering which *kills germs within a few minutes after they come in contact with it.*

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